Saturday Review

June 6, 1964 25¢

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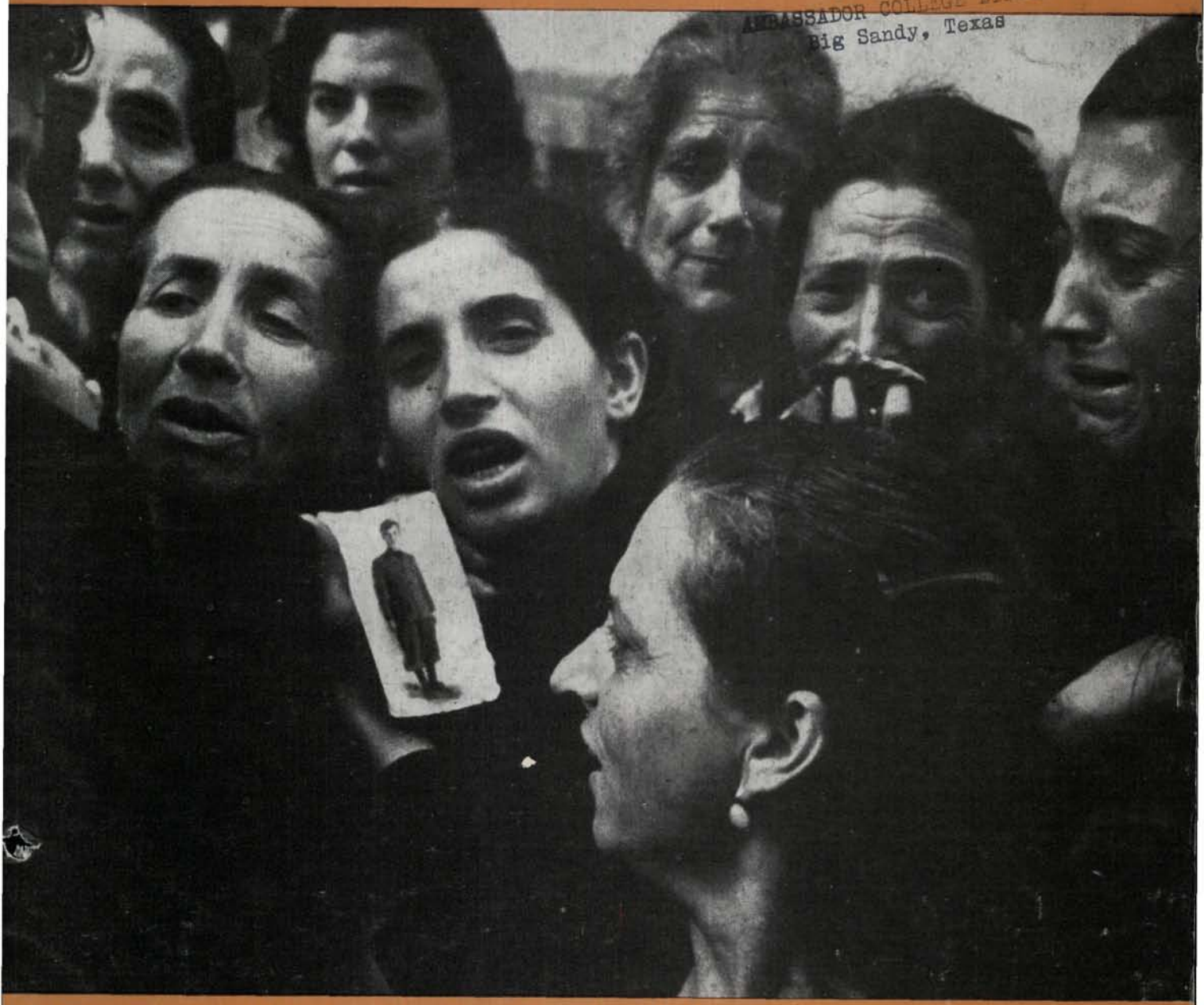

Detail from "Weeping Mothers of Naples," a photograph from "Images of War," by Robert Capa, reviewed by Margaret Weiss (See Books)

**WHY THEY WAITED FOR LEFTY:**
Proletarian Literature After Thirty Years
By Malcolm Cowley

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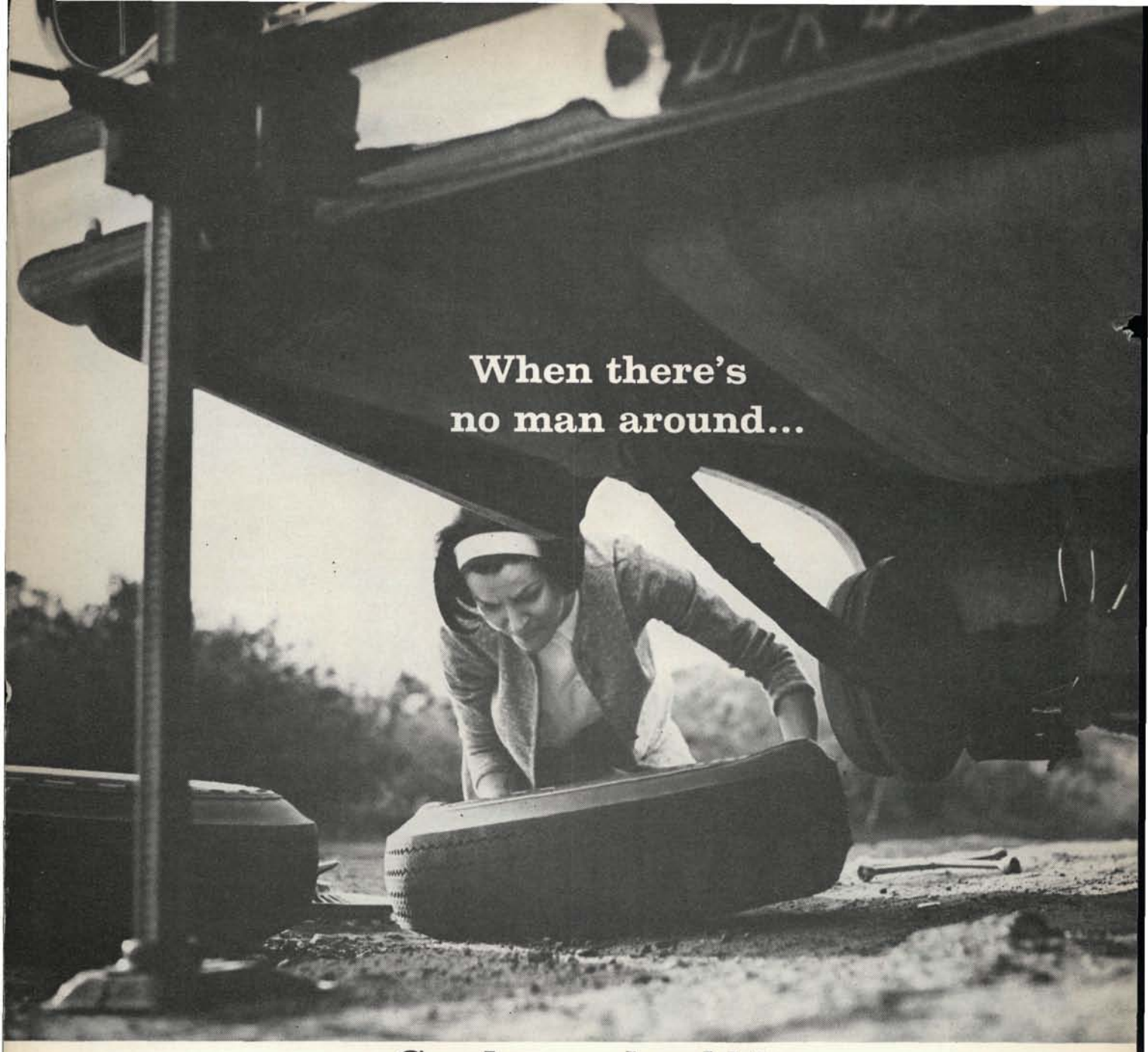


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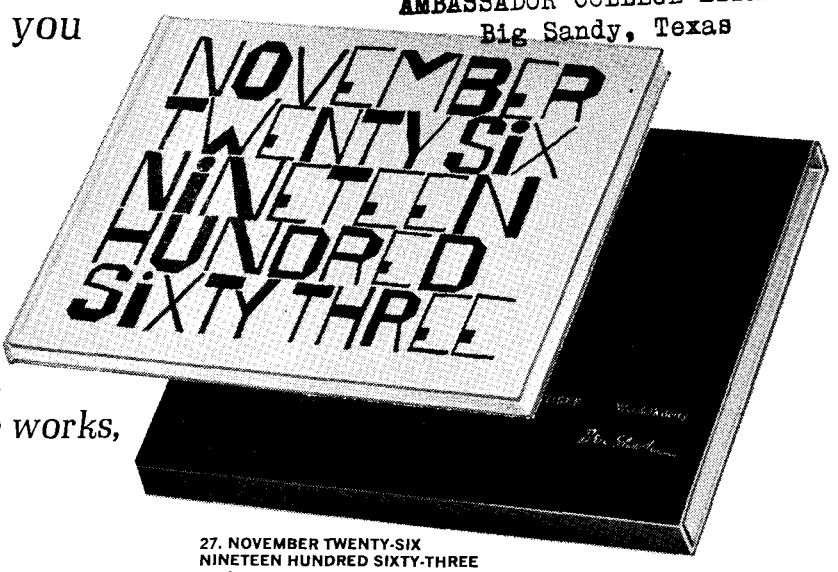


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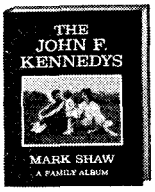


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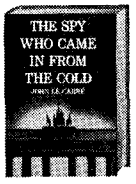


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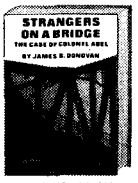


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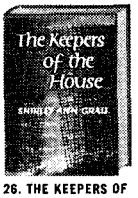


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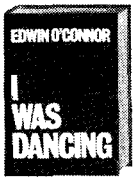


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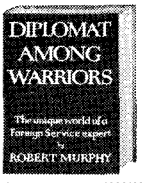


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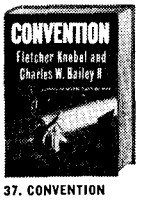


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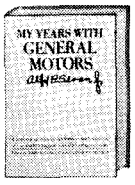


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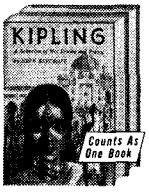


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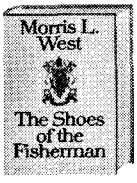


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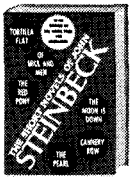


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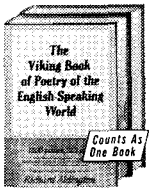


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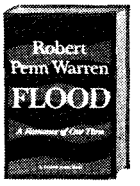


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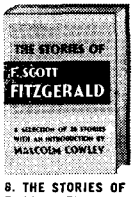


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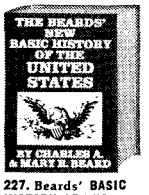


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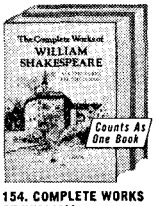


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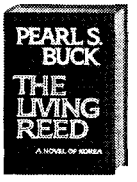


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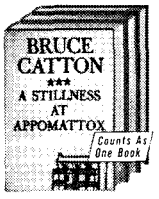


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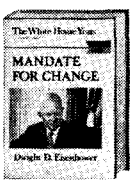


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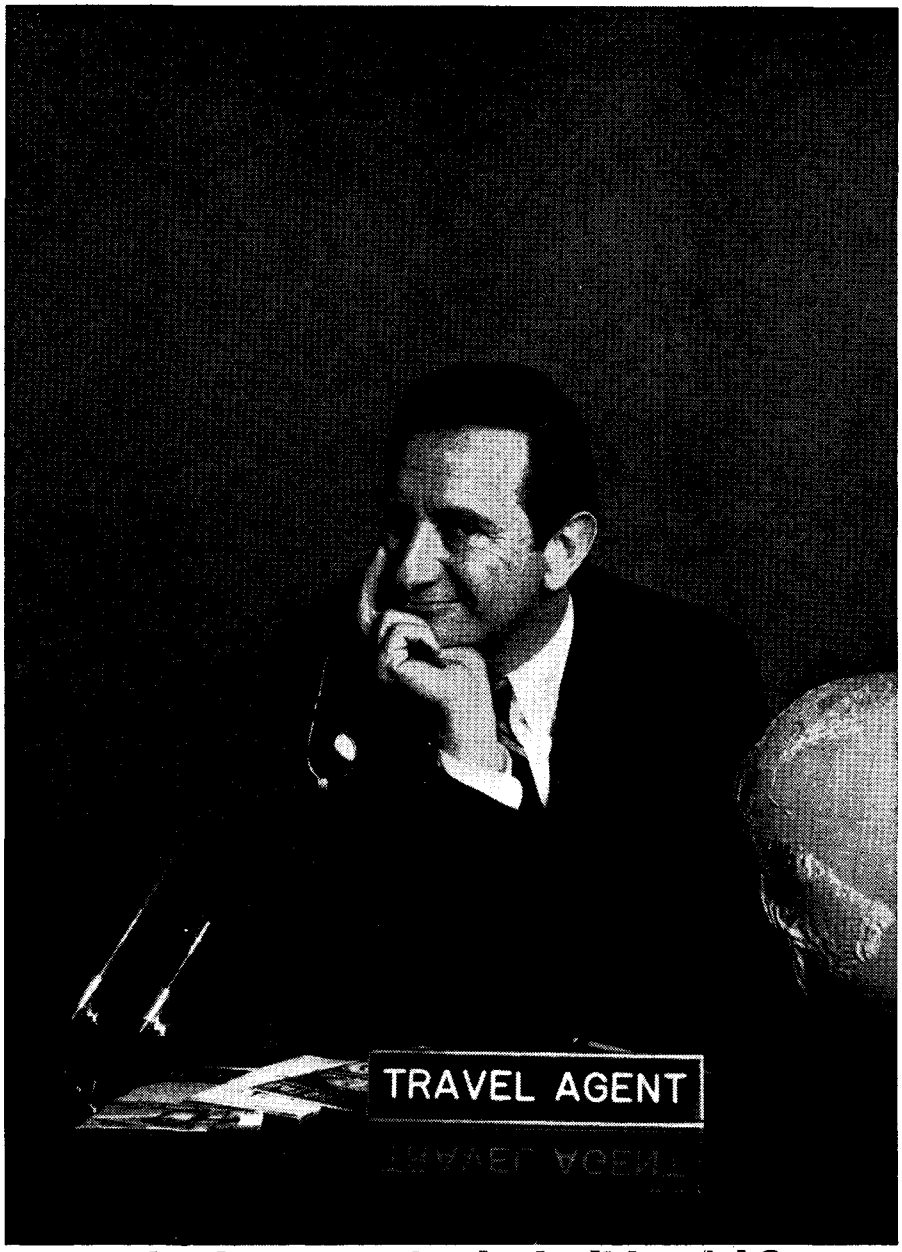


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**SR: Ideas**

16 While They Waited for Lefty, by Malcolm Cowley

20 Cannes: Cinema and Semantics, by Hollis Alpert

22 Garbage in the Air: An Editorial

34 A War Memorial: An essay review by Margaret Weiss of "Images of War," by Robert Capa

**SR: Science**

49 The Era of Supersonic Morality, by John Lear

54 The Undersea History of America, by Malcolm C. McKenna

**SR: Books**

31 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

31 Index of books reviewed

**SR: Departments**

6 First of the Month, by Cleveland Amory

8 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace

10 State of Affairs, by Henry Brandon

12 Trade Winds, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.

14 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi

24 Letters to the Editor

26 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton in Samoa

28 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon on the sense of history

29 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight reviews *One Potato, Two Potato*

30 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes in Stratford-upon-Avon

30 Literary I. Q.

47 Literary Crypt

67 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1574

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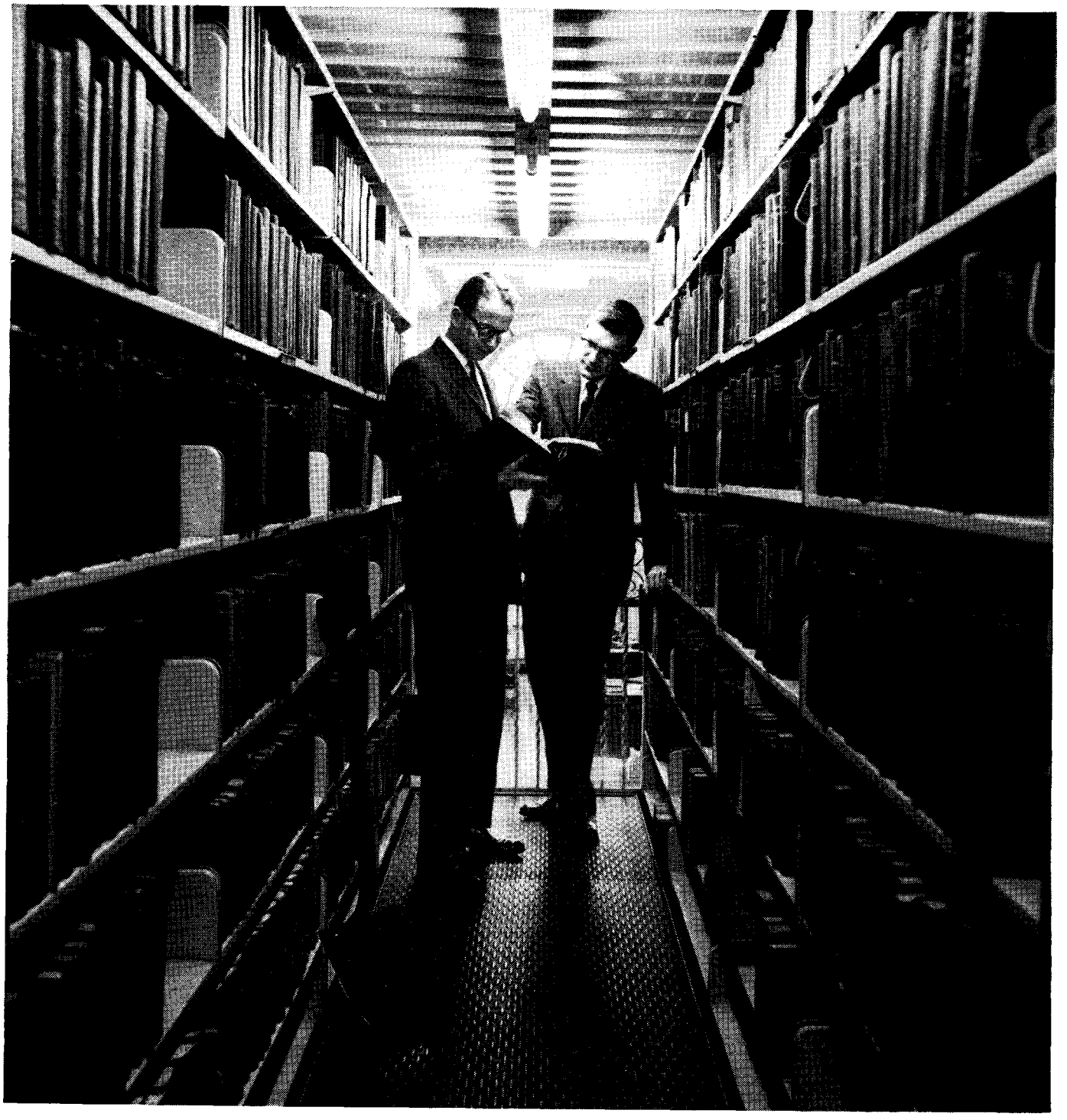

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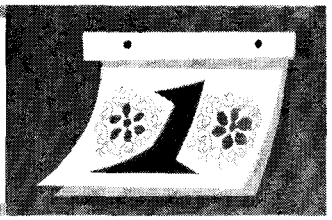
# First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

MAY was the month that gave us the Willies (Mays and Hartack), and if it didn't teach us to love our Emmys, still it did provide, on the one hand, a 2,000-mph XB70A and, on the other, the oldest continuing operating performing artists in the Western world—the Lipizzaner White Stallions from Vienna. But if it was the month of Khrushchev in Egypt, it was hardly the month of Moses in Flushing. Not only were there some stern statistics about the World's Fair (40 per cent off expected attendance), but there was also, here and there, some stern criticism. Sternest of all came from a man named T. James, Jr., in *Women's Wear Daily*. "A vulgar monument," he called it, "to an ugly America":

> See the neon signs for bigger and brassier automobiles, bigger and brassier ovens, cameras, houses, *ad infinitum*. All of this for the millions of foreign visitors coming with the memories of Little Rock, Birmingham, Joe McCarthy, Americans abroad, and Dallas, Texas. . . . How *could* they?

• • •

Make no mistake about it, however. Too many people have too much at stake to let you hear much of this sort of thing. For example, when one television program scheduled a critical look at the fair, it was decided, "at the upper level," to cancel the program. Nowadays, apparently, everything has become so much advertising promotion and public relations that to have an editorial opinion is rather bad manners.

• • •

For ourselves, we journeyed out to have a look at *The American Journey* at the U.S. Pavilion (cost: $2,500,000) and wondered how it was possible to labor so mightily and bring forth so little. In contrast, over at Johnson's Wax, an unpretentious eighteen-minute film called *To Be Alive!* (with no mention of Johnson's Wax) was the word-of-mouth hit of the Fair.

• • •

At the Goldwater rally at Madison Square Garden, not only did the press blithely report what didn't happen ("The platform guests," said the *Herald Tribune*, "included ex-Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield and former Senator William Knowland"—neither of whom showed up), but they also did not report what did happen—as, for example, the reading of a long telegram from, now hear this, *Edgar A.* Eisenhower—or, most incredible of all, the words of the man who introduced Goldwater, Representative Dole of Kansas. "We're going to make," he said, "the White House the White House once again."

• • •

It was a relief indeed from this sort of thing to run into, on Madison Avenue, none other than Edward R. Murrow, in excellent health again. "I just got into town," he told us, "and I was walking along the street thinking what a terrible, crowded, dirty place New York is. Then about seven people went by who said, 'Hi, Ed,' and all of a sudden I thought, 'What a wonderful city New York really is!' "

• • •

On the theater front the program of *Funny Girl* caught our eye. There, one after another, the "Ziegfield Follies" girls were listed—right after the principals—with their biographies. Prudence Adams of Milwaukee, a B.A. in English literature and voice from Northwestern; Joan Cory of Rochester, a B.A. from the University of Rochester; Diane Coupe from England, a scholarship student of the Royal Academy; Lainie Kazan of Brooklyn, a B.A. from Hofstra College; Diana Lee Nielsen, San Francisco College; Sharon Vaughn of Seattle, a B.A. in music; and, finally, Rosemarie Yellen of Perth Amboy, Bennington and Connecticut. As for the stage-door Johnnies nowadays, we're just guessing but we suppose they're full professors.

• • •

On the animal front during the month, we flew to Chicago to take part in what is rapidly becoming a national bullfight fight. This fight came to a head when Clarence Richard, of the National Anti-Vivisection Society, filed suit in U.S. District Court to compel, by court order, the Federal Communications Commission to hold hearings regarding the telecasting by Chicago's WCIU of Mexican bullfights. We represented the Humane Society of the United States, which, though not an antivivisectionist organization, heartily agrees with Richard that the televising of a "sport" or "art" or whatever it is—one which is directly forbidden by the animal anti-cruelty laws of all fifty states—is, whether legal or not, of such execrable taste as to be highly offensive. John Weigel, the head of WCIU, which is an ultra-high frequency station, gave Richard and ourselves fifteen minutes before the regular bullfights to state our cases—despite the fact that we were greeted with a large banner, held up by two twelve-year-old girls, which read CHAN [the bullfight announcer] SI, AMORY NO! In brief—and we warn you we were not—we rested our case on the words of the great English humanitarian, Major Charles Westley Hume: "A heavy burden of guilt rests on those editors, journalists, and broadcasters, who, little by little, are teaching people to approve of sadism."

• • •

BALANCING THE BOOKS: *The Cart and the Horse*, by Louis Kronenberger: "What strikes me as literal truth is that writers, as a whole, have been considerably more altered, and influenced, and infected by the life around them than they have themselves altered or influenced that life. And by writers I mean those with standards and values, those who would ruffle the shortcomings of society, not stroke them; who would protest, not comply." . . . *Fifty-Fifty*, by Jack Kofoed: "The syndicated columnist makes more money than the local one, but one factor favors the one-paper guy. It's the difference between a movie and a stage actor. The latter has a human audience. He hears their breathing, their applause, and if the air-conditioning goes phtt! even smells them. Syndicated men, no matter how popular, remain names to their readers." . . . *Red Carpet in the White House*, by Wiley Buchanan (of Khrushchev's visit to New York): "Just before the luncheon began, the tension reached an unexpected climax. The national anthems of both countries were played, a standard procedure. But as the first notes of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' sounded somewhere in the vast gathering a little man started to sing. People stared at him, amazed, but he went on singing in a reedy, quavering voice. Then, hesitantly, one or two others joined him, then more and more, until the great dining hall was filled with a roar of voices. It was an astounding thing; the emotional impact was tremendous. All the frustration we had been feeling, all the love and pride we felt for our country, all the things we wanted to say and could not, found release and came crashing through in the words of the song. Some people had tears running down their faces, but everyone was singing. The Russians looked thunderstruck, almost frightened."

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# HOW YOU CAN

## BUY A NEW CAR AND GO TO EUROPE FOR LESS MONEY THAN IF YOU TOOK IT UP TO THE LAKE.

Everybody knows that. Buy it on the Overseas Delivery Plan.

Then how come so many people buy cars and then take two glorious weeks at Lake Lotawana.

Maybe they don't know exactly how to break the habit. Here's how.

# AS LONG AS

## YOU'RE GOING TO EUROPE ANYWAY, HOW TO BUY A NEW ROVER AND SAVE ENOUGH TO PAY YOUR FARE AND THEN SOME.

Everybody knows that. Buy it on the Overseas Delivery Plan.

Then how come so many people come back without cars?

Maybe they think it's too much trouble. It's not.

(From here on we shall confine our remarks to the MK II Rover, the Land-Rover, and the revolutionary Rover 2000 Sports Sedan. It's not only that this is our ad, but if one of these masterly cars doesn't make you happy what is the use of going on? Or abroad, for that matter.)

1. Go to a Rover or Land-Rover dealer, as the case may be. If you don't know where, write us and we will tell you. He will take care of everything, and your warranty after your car is back home.

2. He will ask you where you are going. Do you want a Land-Rover Camper delivered in Africa? A Rover 2000 at your hotel door in Paris? A MK II waiting for you at London Airport?

3. Pick out the exact model, color, leather, etc. you want. If you give us, say, ten weeks' notice, that's normally enough; but even if you give us only ten days we can often find you what you want.

4. Your dealer will arrange for registration and insurance while you're over there and for shipping the car back; all the paper work. And figure out the cost so you can go to the bank.

5. All right, money. Let's take a MK II Rover with automatic transmission and power steering. It lists at $5495 in New York; it delivers in England for $4020—a saving of $1475!

6. Even when you deduct from this all incidental costs including shipping and import duty—which could be as low as $450 total—you still are ahead over $1000! Not to mention the money you save by having free transportation through Europe.

7. (The Rover 2000 lists at $3885 or $3985 here, depending on East Coast or West Coast delivery, and $2986 there. A Model 88 Land-Rover Station Wagon is $3384 here, $2435 there. Incidentally, the Land-Rover is not only the finest 4-wheel drive in the world, but the Rover Company is uniquely set up to supply any one of a great variety of models in 160 countries on this price-saving basis.)

8. When you take delivery of your car a Rover representative will meet you, check you out in the car—and the traffic, especially if it's on the wrong side. He'll put you in touch with Rover dealers wherever you are going; under your warranty they will take care of servicing and any other help you may need.

9. When you get ready to come home, leave your car wherever you agreed with the dealer, and we'll take care of the rest. You'll be notified when it's on its way.

10. That's about the lot except you might fill in this coupon.

## ---------- COUPON ----------

Dear Patrick Savage, Roverseas Delivery Plan S, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.:

Would you please send me complete details on overseas delivery of a

☐ MK II Rover ☐ Rover 2000 Sports Sedan ☐ Land-Rover

I either want to save a lot of money or would like to look at Lake Como, Lake Geneva, or the Lake District for a change.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

©1964, Rover Motor Co. of North America, Ltd., 405 Lexington Ave., New York 17.

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**Traditional Japan or modern... you may take your Imperial choice**

Japan is the quiet serenity of a wooded shrine. It's also the modern sweep of glass and steel. The Imperial Hotel—with a tradition of hospitality dating back to the Emperor Meiji—can offer you a taste of both.

In its famed Original Wing, oak-beamed corridors and aged stone columns are an elegant reminder of the Imperial's colorful 74-year history—of times past when the Imperial housed the Emperor's distinguished overseas guests. The pace is relaxed; the mood tranquil.

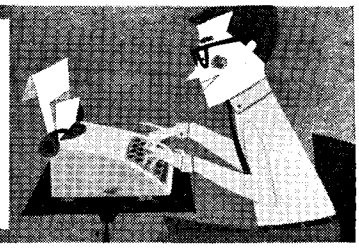
Across the Imperial Court—the bustling lobby of the New Wing sets the exciting mood of modern Japan. Here, your Imperial welcome includes every luxury and convenience of modern hotel comfort. Plus the Imperial's traditional hospitality.

Perhaps you would like to spend a few days in both wings. Your travel agent knows the Imperial well. He'll understand.

IMPERIAL HOTEL TOKYO

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

# Top of My Head



## Shopping Trip

WHAT they're doing to Barry Goldwater is pitiful. Here's a man trying with all his might to be nominated at the Republican convention. He walks into an advertising agency and tells them he wants to buy some time on a television network so he can tell the American people his qualifications for the nomination and the Presidency. Well, they figure this man wants to buy time for a one-minute commercial, but he says no, he wants to buy a half-hour. And they tell him that's going to cost a lot of money—$75,000, to be exact—and he says look, let me be the conservative around here, you just buy me the time. And he says before he's through he may want to buy as much as five half-hours.

Well, it isn't every day somebody walks into the store off the street and asks to spend $375,000, and when you consider that 15 per cent of that—well, we'll figure that out later. All he wants, he says, is a good time spot because he wants to talk to the American people. Well, the spot they got him shouldn't happen to a leopard. He could have reached more American people that night with a conference call.

It was a Wednesday night on CBS—8:30 to 9. This is laughingly known to the uninitiated as "prime time." And it actually seems to be until you consider that back up there at 7:30 on NBC that same evening *The Virginian* began its ninety-minute program ("The Virginian rekindles his romance with a dancehall girl shortly before she is arrested for murder")—starring Lee Cobb. So Barry Goldwater began his half-hour at 8:30 opposite *The Virginian* just as the Virginian was about to unravel that murder charge.

Now on the ABC network at 8:30 opposite Barry Goldwater was the half-hour *Farmer's Daughter* ("A youngster fighting for a West Point appointment is given reverse psychology treatment")—starring Inger Stevens.

And get this—one hour before on the same network, unbeknownst to Barry Goldwater, CBS presented an hour-long documentary program titled *After Ten Years—The Court and the Schools* ("discussing the status of school desegregation on the U.S. Supreme Court decision outlawing segregated schools")—starring Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy.

Well, they had the Senator pretty well surrounded. In that competition his rating was about the same as it was in Oregon. Not only did he run third but he didn't even get the rating of the program that usually appears in that time—*Suspense*. It's obviously about the most pitiful case of shopping for television time in the history of the business.

But even a bad time spot can sometimes be overcome. And the people who bought him that time should have known it. The thing that went wrong was several things. In the first place, advertising a show as a paid political program is asking for a low rating. Of course, the law insists on its being advertised that way, but this advertising agency ought to know about that sneaky, small, subliminal-type type.

I will say the agency took out some pretty large ads to promote Barry Goldwater's program, just as Bob Hope does to promote his appearances on TV. But even here they could have tricked it up. A quarter-page with the initials "B.G. on CBS at 8:30." You can intrigue a big audience that way. It worked for Benny Goodman.

ANOTHER thing. The show should have been more adroitly listed in the highlight selections on the television pages. These thumbnail synopses are veritable magnets to a program. The listing for Barry Goldwater's program could have been something like this: "BARRY GOLDWATER SHOW: Barry is off to California where unbeknownst to him two men have been plotting to block his nomination at the Republican Convention. Barry doesn't see the rocky road ahead where these two desperate men are trying to dislodge him from the Presidency. Starring Barry Goldwater and an all-political cast."

In this you have the substance and flavor of a hard-fighting show. In that synopsis you can just hear the dialogue: "This country ain't big enough for the three of us, pardners."

And one final point. Why worry about shopping for time? Why not a guest shot on a popular half-hour show? Why couldn't Barry Goldwater appear as a mystery guest on *What's My Line*? They'd never guess him. He could disguise his voice by talking like a liberal.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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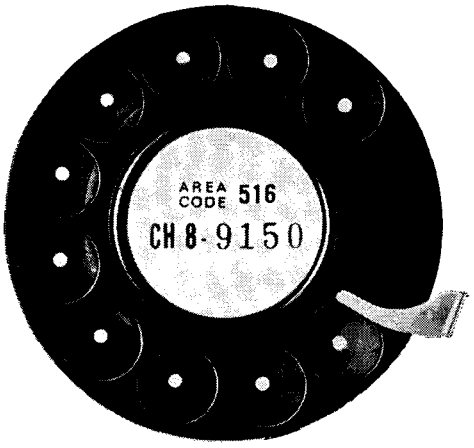
# If you have a complaint, call the president of Avis. His number is CH 8-9150.




If he doesn't answer after 3 rings, try later.

There isn't a single secretary to protect him. He answers the phone himself.

He's a nut about keeping in touch.

He believes it's one of the big advantages of a small company.

You know who is responsible for what. There's nobody to pass the buck to.

One of the frustrations of complaining to a big company is finding someone to blame.

Well, our president feels responsible for the whole kit and caboodle. He has us working like crazy to keep our super-torque Fords super. But he knows there will be an occasional dirty ashtray or temperamental wiper.

If you find one, call our president collect.

He won't be thrilled to hear from you, but he'll get you some action.

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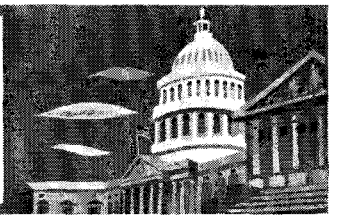
# State of Affairs



## Moscow Revisited

Moscow.

AT THE Central House for Literature—the writers' club—the new wing added to the old building is styled in what is considered modern design, from the high bar stool—one of the symbols of the *nouveau vague*—to the bohemian decor. There are no social-realistic paintings on the walls, only spontaneous scribbles by members, such as the one by Yevgeny Yevtushenko which in free translation goes about as follows: "Let the Central House of Literature back all of us, those who are famous and those who are unknown. Please don't take revenge for successes by gossip and irritation; please don't inflate your tummy in the restaurant." Beneath it someone, obviously not one of his well-wishers, has added: "Shame on you, Zhenia!" On another wall, Poljakov, the humorist, gives different advice: "If you come here to eat, it does not mean that you are already a writer." A postscript to that one reads: "If you come here to write, it does not mean that you are a writer already."

Only club members can visit the club, where such films as *Divorce Italian Style* are shown—still forbidden fruit in public movie theaters. But members are permitted guests, and my own impression of the atmosphere and the casual conversations was that there is an enormous interest in things "modern"—a word used invariably as synonymous with Western culture.

This perhaps partly explains why there is no "modern" Russian style. Virtually all things new are an imitation of something from the West, and whatever does survive of the old Russian style, of old Russian craftsmanship, is for the tourist; the Russians themselves ignore it.

Outwardly, therefore, after five years' absence, I found Moscow as a city little changed. It is still the stark, busy, impersonal place it always was, where people hurry along seeing nobody, very much as in New York. At the center, none of the old buildings are being torn down and replaced by new ones; the Soviet Union simply cannot afford it. The ancient buildings must continue to serve their purpose, for it is difficult enough to keep up the tempo of the new housing developments on the periphery—and there they are sprouting like weeds. With the emphasis on speed rather than style, these new housing districts, with their own shopping centers, schools, and playgrounds, look bleak and monotonous. There is only one new building that shows that something exceptional can be accomplished if necessary: the Hall of Congress inside the Kremlin, which could stand as an adornment of modern style and architectural beauty anywhere. It is perhaps a little heavy, but it exudes a harmony that is missing from other new buildings I saw in the Soviet Union.

The average Russian is still only dimly conscious of style; but at least among the younger generation attempts are being made, indicating a desire for it even if the means don't yet permit the end. Many of the younger girls wear black or green stockings and bouffant hairdos, fashionable touches they can easily afford, since the hair style is self-made and the stockings, of cotton, are even cheaper than nylons.

Among the younger men a good many affect the narrow-line pants and pointed Italian shoes, showing that they, too, are trying to be different from the masses.

The words "modern" or "contemporary" are now among the non-ideological slogans used throughout the Soviet Union. When I visited the reasonably comfortable two-room apartment of Russian friends, for instance, they felt it necessary to apologize for the furniture, which had been bought only three years ago but was still not really "modern." And they complained how difficult it was to get modern furnishings, which everyone now wants. As frequently happens in this so-called planned society, haste is of such importance that the furniture industry, whose quota fulfilment was based until recently on weight rather than the number of pieces manufactured, has fallen behind and cannot satisfy the demand created by the new housing drive.

One of the few genuinely modern utilitarian buildings so far is a new department store, the Moskwa, made chiefly of glass and steel. Escalators transport you up four flights, and the goods, while still limited in style and quality, are now set out with a new eye for display. Prices are steep, particularly for such imports as textiles from Czechoslovakia, shoes and woolens from Italy, England, and Austria, and leather goods from Poland, but these are known to be of superior quality and the Russian who buys for durability prefers foreign merchandise. A better man's suit costs 100 to 150 rubles (the official rate is one ruble to the dollar), or more than a month's salary for the average Russian; a nylon shirt is 12 to 15 rubles; a pair of English shoes, 40 rubles; and a can of mango juice imported from India (which my guide spotted but had never tasted), 1.25 rubles.

One really cheap item, though, is housing. Those lucky enough to move into a new apartment—and they are now increasing in number—pay no more than roughly five rubles for a two-room apartment with kitchen and bathroom—and that includes gas, electricity, and telephone. One of the latest innovations is the cooperative apartment. Few can afford them because they involve an initial downpayment of about 1,500 rubles of a total price of 3,500 rubles for a two-room apartment; but the advantages are usually a shorter waiting period, superior equipment, and lifetime security for the owner, who can even pass the place on to his children.

MOSCOW, I was told, now has some 12,000 taxis (as against Leningrad's 3,000). One evening when I had gone to the apartment of Russian friends, I suddenly realized that it was 2 A.M. and wondered how I would get back to my hotel. I was agreeably surprised when my friends simply phoned for a taxi. It arrived quickly and charged approximately the New York rate.

Transportation and distribution are still among the most serious problems, accounting for some 17 per cent of the crop losses. When Mr. Khrushchev saw the twelve-lane highways in California, and the vast number of cars that populate them, he said that in the Soviet Union private car ownership would be replaced by a car rental system. True, it is now possible to rent cars for a week, a month, or even longer at not unreasonable rates, but private ownership of cars is increasing, and the student who drove me home in his own car one evening spoke of his Volga as an American student would speak tenderly of his M.G. Even Mr. Khrushchev had not reckoned with the human desire for private ownership.

One thing that particularly impressed me is that Russians are becoming much more themselves. The usually glum-looking female *zerberuses* on the hotel floors, the slow restaurant waitresses—in fact people everywhere now smile more and seem a little more contented. They are also far more congenial toward the foreigner and more anxious to talk to him. Writers and artists, too, are more accessible these days, as are scientists and university professors. There are those among them who would not



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have dared to call me at my hotel five years ago but who now did not seem to mind.

Interest in Western society, particularly of the United States, seems insatiable, and the few privileged who are allow to travel abroad are more envied than the owner of a car or a *dacha*. Private, individual travel is still a dream of the future, and by this I don't mean to imply that all Russians would want to leave the Soviet Union. The Russian people are patriots; they love their country and are deeply attached to their surroundings. They are well aware of the imperfections and failures of their system and would like to see it improved. For this very reason they are even in certain areas officially encouraged to study Western methods for adaptation to their own purposes. It no longer matters so much if something does not quite fit the doctrine.

There is, for example, such vast interest in sociology at the universities that American social surveys are now being translated, and a beginning is made in market surveys and a new approach suggested in the overall economic planning to establish a relationship between cost and price of manufactured goods. *Izvestia* went so far as to suggest recently that there is a need for advertising to inform the customer what is available. Even the science of cybernetics, which deals with communication theory, whether in the machine or in the human mind, is being avidly studied. One evening in Leningrad I had an eerie discussion about its adaptation to government with a scientist who maintained that this was the last and best chance to develop a just and free society. He argued that through the computer system it would be possible to ascertain the most efficient and at the same time minimum number of laws for society to survive under, thus making it possible to push the human element with all its cruelty and unfairness into the machine; the machine would therefore become superior to man himself. There would, of course, have to be an elite of leading educators, scientists, and so forth who would program the machines, and he suggested that the only danger to his ideas would be the wonder drugs, which could create havoc with the human mind of the programers.

My companion sounded dedicated to Communism, and I did not want to ask whether he realized that cybernetics to him was an escape from it. But when I questioned one prominent science official, who was well aware that cybernetics had become the rage, and asked how he felt about it, he smiled wisely: "Computers can help man but they cannot replace him."

—Henry Brandon.


**IRREPLACEABLE, SUPERB, AND GOING FAST:**

Photographs from the new Sierra Club book, *The Last Redwoods*

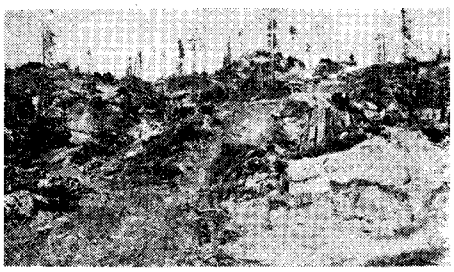
**What will save your last Redwoods?**
**or the little wilderness that's left? (as in the North Cascades),**
**or the few unspoiled rivers? (as in Grand Canyon)**
**— the wildness essential to mankind?**

True progress will spare, not destroy, the places that make America beautiful. A few organizations in this country are working hard to keep progress on course — among them the Sierra Club, with its books, trips, conferences, active offices in San Francisco, New York, Washington, D. C., Los Angeles, and the Northwest, and members all over. Recently J. Donald Adams wrote in the New York Times that the Sierra Club was "the most effective of the national organizations working for conservation." We glowed. But we'll settle for being considered among the first several that really care about preserving enough wilderness — the National Audubon Society, the National Parks Association, the Nature Conservancy, the National Wildlife Federation, the Save-the-Redwoods League, The Wilderness Society, Wildlife Management Institute, *and* the Sierra Club.

All need better funding and a host of members willing to give time and money to a good purpose that philanthropy too often forgets.

The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, invites support of its program to explore, enjoy, and protect America's scenic resources — not blindly to oppose progress, but to oppose blind progress. We seek help, *yours*. Contributions are deductible.

**WHICH SHALL IT BE?**



Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco 4

☐ I enclose $_____ to help your national conservation work
☐ I support your purposes and would like to join
$5 admission, +$9 per year dues, $4.50 for member's spouse, $3.50 for juniors 12-21.
☐ Please send the brochure on the Sierra Club,
☐ brochure describing needs of the national preservation organizations
☐ the catalog of Sierra Club books,
☐ the announcement of Sierra Club wilderness outings.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____

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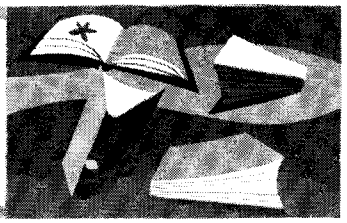
# Trade Winds



**I am told** that on page 61 of the *Good Housekeeping Around the World Cook Book* there is a recipe for Norwegian Danish Pastry.

**Reading those** nineteen and a half pages devoted to baseball in the new *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* I must admit

they are more interesting than a lot of the games that are played these days. Unhappily for the peace of mind of the chauvinists and the sports fans, the truth about the origin of "our national game" is at last given full recognition.

As we know, the shrine is in Cooperstown, New York, where in 1839 Abner Doubleday laid out the first baseball field and conducted the first game of baseball ever played. This ground is now hallowed and many pilgrims visit the Hall of Fame and Museum there.

Tc bad; it just ain't so. Abner—if he really was there in the summer of 1839 when he was a cadet at West Point and should have been on kitchen police or maneuvers or something—merely got involved in a game that thousands of Americans had been playing for years, from Boston to Philadelphia. It was also called town ball or rounders. We got the game from England, where they had been playing it for at least 100 years and calling it baseball.

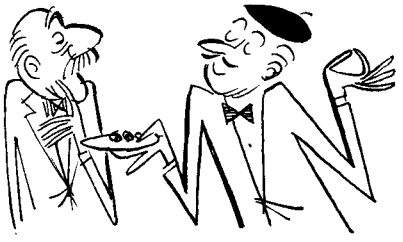
But fans didn't like such rumors in the last century any more than they do now, so A. G. Spalding named a commission to determine the facts. The commission was made up of baseball executives and a Senator, who patriotically traced baseball back to that momentous June 12, 1839, in Cooperstown. Well, the *Britannica* traces it back to London in 1744, pointing out that the Prince of Wales played it a lot. Maybe *he* invented baseball. Who invented cricket, Genghis Khan?

**Army wives** who followed their husbands to the frontier in the nineteenth century had to use ingenuity to make the food interesting. *American Heritage* prints a couple of recipes from the cookbook of Mrs. James Biddle, wife of the Inspector General at Fort Whipple, Arizona Territory, in 1878. One is "Custard Without Eggs or Milk." The other is "Apple Pie Without Apples." The latter contains:

1 medium can of soda crackers
Essence of lemon
Nutmeg
Sugar
Water

Mrs. Biddle would soak the crackers, break them, blend in the other ingredients, and bake all this in pastry, with a top crust. She said that anyone at Fort Whipple who didn't know how it was made would "feel sure" it was an apple pie when eating it.

**Here is some advice** from Edward Hyams, the Englishman, writing in *New Statesman:* "It is still possible to eat better in France at a reasonable price than in Britain at any price. But on one condition: the strict avoidance of any restaurant whose name appears in a guidebook; *Guide Michelin* cannot be



excluded from this rule. The reason is obvious: nine people out of ten, if told in print that the food they are eating is good, believe it. Thus a reputation once made is almost indestructible, especially as people are reluctant to face the fact that they have not received value for a considerable sum of money."

**Time marches cater-cornered.** There is a book out that sells for $2: *How to Stop Paying Tolls In or Around New York City.* Since there are dozens of bridges and highways and tunnels in the metropolitan area where a driver is constantly bled for dimes and quarters, he can avoid same by turning off at the crucial time, following a parallel road


Two-martini men prefer Gilbey's 4 to 1

(and 5to1, 6to1, 7to1, 8to1, etc.)

In any proportion, Gilbey's is the gin that puts you in the two-martini mood. Because its crisp character makes martinis snappier. That's crisp, London Dry Gilbey's. Born in London in 1872. Now internationally popular. Taste why "The world agrees on 'Gilbey's, please'!"

Crisp, London Dry GILBEY'S GIN

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN · 90 PROOF · 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · W. & A. GILBEY, LTD. · DIST. BY NATIONAL DIS. PROD. CO., N. Y. C.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the appropriate distance, and then swinging back to the main artery again. You not only save money, but you meet a whole civilization on those side roads that you would otherwise never encounter.

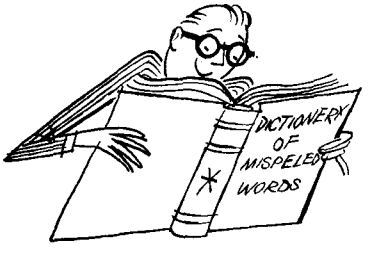
**Sharps and Flats:** I am always startled, as I travel around the East, to see so many automobiles heading West and South, with license plates reading "Maine—Vacationland."

►In Helena, Montana, Joanne Maynard's daughter is learning to put a hem in a dress. She was working seriously on a skirt the other day and said to her mother, "I have an Ernest Hemingway."

►Many prominent citizens have addressed an appeal to President Johnson, asking for a crash program of research on the population explosion. One of the signers is Mr. Rockefeller Prentice, chairman of the American Breeders' Service.

►In Paris, Kay Smith reports, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* is playing to big audiences under the title *Comment Reussir en Amour Sans Vraiment Se Fatiguer.*

►*A Handbook for Terrible Spellers* (Citadel) has gone into a second printing. Only fifty cents, it's the most logical




approach to the problem I've seen. It's a little dictionary in which words are listed by their incorrect spellings! The trouble with ordinary dictionaries is the words are spelled right. If you don't know how a word is spelled how can you find it? In the *Handbook* you just look for it as you think it's spelled, and if you find it, it'll tell you where you are wrong. That's very sensable, it seems to me. —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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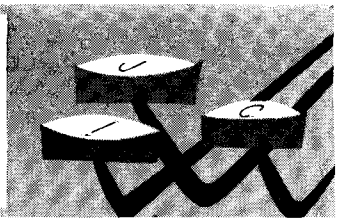
# Manner of Speaking



**The Lecture Circuit (Airborne Division):** Come spring and come fall, my wife becomes a widow, my children have no father, and my soul belongs to Harry—to Harry Walker, that is, of Harry Walker, Inc., my genial, indefatigable, merciless, but (bless him) lucrative lecture agent. At his golden command I crisscrossed the country from mid-March to almost mid-May, bouncing from coast to coast and from the Gulf shore to Minnesota, boarding fifty-three scheduled airliners, one charter flight, and a couple of helicopters, and filling in the gaps with half a dozen rental cars.

That schedule may not make me the best customer of the domestic airlines, even on a seasonally adjusted curve, but it does give me more flying time than the air crews get in a like period, and it should, I submit, qualify me to offer these customer impressions.

To begin with, I spend long stretches waiting around airports between connections, or racing from one gate to another on a tight connection, and I am ready to declare with painful authority that every major American airport, with the exception of Washington's Dulles, is obsolete.

Years ago our architects sold themselves on the idea of the cow-barn center with radial cowsheds stretching interminably to the landing gates. Then, as the major airports grew bigger and bigger (Kennedy, O'Hare, and Los Angeles, for example), the architects simply doubled, redoubled, and re-redoubled the number of central barns and radiating sheds. Five years ago it was already a stiff hike from landing gate to terminal. Now the passenger with a connection to make must add another hike from terminal to terminal, and a third hike through another cowshed. At Kennedy and Los Angeles there is, thank heaven, bus service from barn to barn, but at O'Hare you must still hike it.

It was the late Eero Saarinen who conceived the airport as it should be in our time. He had traveled through enough sheds and cowbarns lugging architectural plans and briefcases. His answer to the gate-at-the-end-of-the-cow-shed was the mobile gate. Arriving passengers walk off the plane into a lounge-on-wheels and are delivered to the terminal. Departing passengers check into the mobile gate and are driven out to the plane's parking island.

Saarinen's first venture was the terminal at, then, Idlewild, but his original plan was not followed in its entirety and the cow sheds, though shorter than most, are still there. Only at Dulles was his conception allowed to flower into the fact of a truly modern airport.

And if only to attest to the economy of the right idea, Dulles cost several million dollars less than the shoddy monstrosity of San Francisco, undoubtedly the dreariest of our big-city cow palaces. For those mile-long sheds are not only an eyesore and a weariness, but they run to millions to build and maintain.

May the planners of the future recognize the future in time.

**Coffee, Tea, or Milk?** To leave massive premises for petty annoyances, let me declare that I am ready to petition Congress for legislation to protect passengers from deceitful airline hostesses. Some among them, to be sure, deserve the heavens through which they fly. But many among them are mired in falsehood and their smiles, though unblemished and infallible, are lost to truth and decency.

Time and again, having offered me coffee, they have plunked into my hand a paper cup of instant mud heated to about the temperature of a summer puddle in lower Scandinavia. Not only is the stuff undrinkable, but invariably, at the instant of the first sour sip, the plane begins to buck, the seat belt sign comes on, and I am left holding my sloshing cup with no way to get rid of it short of drinking the miserable stuff.

I cry enough! I cry it, among others, to Ozark, North Central, Lake Central, Piedmont, Braniff, Mohawk, Northeast, Frontier, Trans-Texas, and Allegheny. All these, I suspect, I shall have to ride again, but I serve notice that I shall do so only as a last resort.

Nor am I wholly uncooperative. I have been on planes that have lost an engine, on planes that had trouble getting their landing gear down, on planes that shot nearly-live steam out of the air vents, and on planes that blew a polar gale from nose to tail. This much I have endured without litigation.

But at lukewarm mud I will draw the line. I shall insist to Congress that even the feeder airlines can afford plastic cups and one West Bend coffee maker per plane. Or let them economize and serve nothing. But let it be

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declared by law and in despite of Hell and all related persuasion by TV that "coffee" cannot legally mean "instant mud," that it must legally imply "hot," and that it shall be a felony to serve any hot liquid in waxed paper without the written and notarized consent of the person served.

**Steerage Gripe:** Years ago the airlines lobbied into being a law forbidding passengers to drink from their own bottles. There was reason in the law: an airborne drunk can be not only unpleasant but dangerous. Passengers carrying their own whiskey, therefore, were required to check it with the hostess, who might pour them no more than two drinks.

Some of the airlines, however, went the law one better by issuing orders that hostesses were not to pour drinks from the passengers' own bottles. I know United to be one of those airlines for I have defied its rules, and may it gag on them.

I raced aboard a United flight a while back and found myself sitting in the first row of tourist seats looking forward into the first-class compartment as the hostesses began to pass out drinks. Pass them out to first-class passengers, that is. We tourists were not offered one and not allowed to buy one.

I was three-quarters of the way through a hard day, I had had to run for the plane, I had a long way to go with a lecture yet to give, and I had a pint of my faithful J. W. Dant in my briefcase, a shot of which I asked the hostess to pour, only to be told it was against company rules.

I could not pour by law and she could not pour by company rules. It sounded like the army. So I solved it the army way: no one poured anything; I drank it out of the bottle. United may sue me if it please. Or, better yet, it may let the law stand without infringing it by petty directive. But what is sauce on one side of the door is sauce on the other, and any man, I shall insist, is the gander for it, come the hour of his thirst. —JOHN CIARDI.

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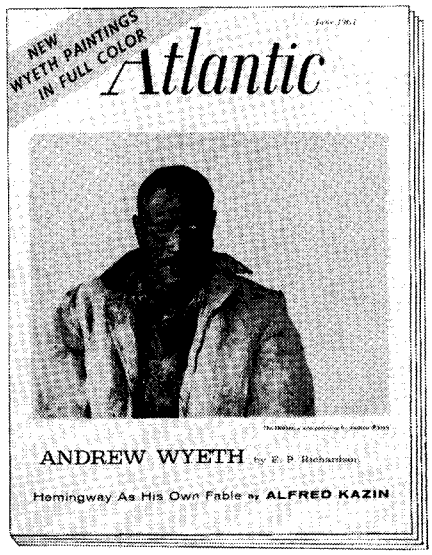


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*Saturday Review*
June 6, 1964

# While They Waited for Lefty

**An author and critic, looking backward at thirty years of change in literature and life, offers some reflections on what happened to proletarian writing**

By MALCOLM COWLEY

JUST thirty years ago, when we were halfway through the Great Depression, the literary world was divided by arguments about proletarian literature. Critics bitterly differed about its nature, about who was qualified to write it, and about whether it would help to usher in a new society. Today, if we hear the almost forgotten term, it suggests a different sort of question. What was it after all, in theory and practice? Did it include many books that can still be read? What sort of place does it deserve in the panorama of American poetry and fiction?

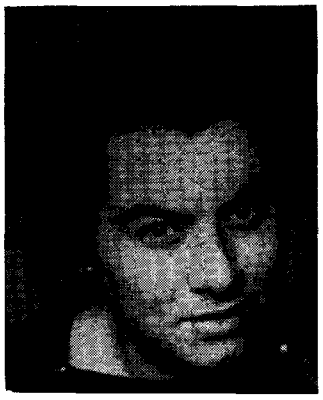
To start with theory, proletarian literature was based on a notion accepted at the time by all the left-wing critics, but disputed by their opponents. The notion was that bourgeois literature—meaning almost all the books we were used to reading—belonged to the past and had entered a period of violent decay. Even the strictly bourgeois writers were turning against it, although their revolt had assumed the corrupt forms of bohemianism, estheticism, and withdrawal into ivory towers. The result in any case was an art that fed the pride of the leisure classes. But once again a new class was rising, so the critics proclaimed. It was the soon-to-be-victorious army of workers, and they were demanding a new art to express their revolutionary ideals. Proletarian literature was taking shape among the earthquake-shattered ruins of bourgeois literature and the relics of feudalism.

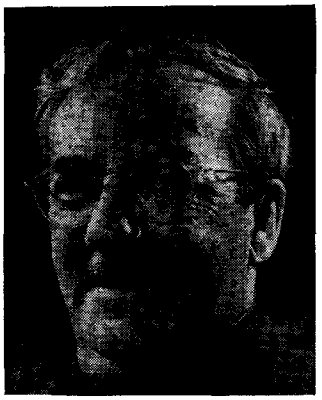
But exactly what shape would it assume? The left-wing critics found it easy to agree among themselves when they were explaining the past or attacking their present enemies, but they each had different notions about the writing of the future. It raised a dozen questions to which they found conflicting answers. Should the term "proletarian literature" be confined to works by certified proletarians? Or might college graduates, even those from the Ivy League, be proletarians, too, if they wrote about the workers or specifically for the workers? Or again, might their books deal with and be intended for their own class, the petty bourgeoisie, yet still have a special attitude that earned them the right to be called proletarian novels?

This last was what Edwin Seaver, a Harvard man, strongly asserted at the first American Writers' Congress, in 1935. "It is not style," he said, "not form, not plot, not even the class portrayed that are fundamental in differentiating the proletarian from the bourgeois novel. . . . It is the present class loyalty of the author that is the determining factor." But Martin Russak, a labor organizer who had gone to work in a textile mill when he was thirteen, and who in 1935 was writing a never-to-be-published novel about the New Jersey silk weavers, held just as strongly to the opposite position. He said, "The proletarian novel has got to be, and is already becoming, a novel that deals with the working class. . . . If we completely understood the nature of class division, we would not say that all

**The Proletarian Temper: They Were Among the Leaders**

Clifford Odets


Muriel Rukeyser


Sherwood Anderson

Kenneth Fearing



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What They Wrote About—The social and economic crises of the times were grist for the busy mills of the proletarian writers; among these were the strikes and breadlines that helped fan the authors' sense of injustice.

people are the same. In the working class we have a distinct kind of human being, a new type of human being, with an emotional life and psychology that is different, and distinct." Seaver and his ilk would never get past the membership committee of Russak's working-class club.

Another question was whether proletarian writers could profit from the technical experiments of bourgeois writers like Joyce and Eliot, for example, and even Henry James, or whether they should confine themselves to straightforward narrative, clear political messages, folksong, mass chants, and other forms of writing that would stir the workers to action. There was a continued bitter argument between *Partisan Review*, then an organ of the John Reed Club, and the *New Masses*, which was more directly controlled by the Communist Party. It was *Partisan Review* that advised its readers to study the new bourgeois writers as examples of technique. The *New Masses* spoke in several voices, but usually it said, in effect, "Down with technique and hurrah for writing that follows the party line." One of its editors, Mike Gold, was applauded when he said in a public debate, "There is no 'style'—there is only clarity, force, truth in writing. If a man has something new to say, as all proletarian writers have, he will learn to say it clearly in time: if he writes long enough."

Most of the left-wing writers must have agreed with *Partisan Review*, at least in their hearts. In public meetings, however, they often became so dizzy with religious enthusiasm, so eager to lead the other neophytes, that they offered to renounce their patiently acquired skill, together with everything they had learned about middle-class life, if only the sacrifice would bring them into communion with the workers. They made me think of the Florentine burghers in 1497, when hundreds of them cast their wicked books and paintings into Savonarola's bonfire. A few of the new enthusiasts, including two or three promising story writers, had abandoned any thought of a literary career in order to become party organizers among the Alabama sharecroppers and the coal diggers of Harlan County, Kentucky.

NOT many were tempted so far. The usual sacrifice was to walk in a local picket line, to be carried off in a paddy wagon, to sing "The International" with the other jailed pickets – Mike Gold would carry the bass—to be tried before a judge who obviously wanted to acquit the prisoners, while the Communist attorney for the defense was doing his best to get them convicted, and then, after the judge had overruled the attorney, to rush home and write a turgid account of the strike as the first red glow of a revolutionary dawn. There were other writers, however, who played a part in serious strikes like the big ones in Minneapolis and San Francisco, where pickets were likely to be slugged and given stiff sentences. At the first American Writers' Congress, Robert Gessner, usually a sensible man, advised his fellow poets to go farther: he wanted them to submerge themselves in the mass of workers, lead the lives of workers, and learn about the workers' problems at first hand. "Leave your technique on the fence," he said. "It will come trotting after you with its tail between its legs."

This eagerness on the part of some to renounce the art of making patterns out of words for the easier task of writing cautionary tales and artless sermons might possibly be explained by a parallel that was seldom mentioned, although it must have been present in many minds. Communism was antireligious, true, but even party members often pictured it as the new scientific faith that would take the place of Christianity. Hence the two might bear the same resemblance as the opposite poles of a magnet. The millions who had already died for Communism would be like the early Christian martyrs, while the works of the first proletarian writers would be like the Christian art of the catacombs. Still more, they would resemble the writings of the first church fathers, which seemed graceless, stiff, even barbarous by the standards of a classical style, but which were redeemed by their power and fanaticism.

"Like all new art," Joseph Freeman said in his introduction to a big anthology, *Proletarian Literature in the United States*, "revolutionary art is bound to start crudely, as did the art of other classes"—and of other faiths, he might have added. Let it be crude then; crudeness was a virtue to be cultivated, so long as it was combined with the savage vigor that had enabled the church fathers to overwhelm the pagan rhetoricians. There would come a day when Communism was like the church triumphant. Then proletarian art would give way—as it already promised to do in Russia—to a universally human art endowed with the harmony and complexity of later Christian works like the *Divine Comedy* and the Cathedral of Chartres. Such was the dream that, in those innocent days, sustained not a few of the embattled theorists.

In practice the proletarian or revolutionary literature of the early 1930s was broad in its geographical range, which was roughly from Penobscot Bay to Puget Sound and from New Orleans to Minneapolis, with forays into Germany



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and China. It was excessively narrow, however, in its range of emotions.

The principal emotion would seem to be anger, whether it was felt by workers in a story or was meant to be evoked in the reader by the misdeeds of the exploiting classes. Often it took the form of revulsion and was expressed by the incantatory use of such terms as "bloated," "cancerous," "chancres," "diseased," "distended belly," "fistula," "gorged with," "maggots," "naked" (almost always used in a bad sense by proletarian writers, as in the phrase "naked greed"), "nauseating," "pus," "putrefying," "retching," "rotted flesh," "spew forth," "syphilis," and "vomit." One message all the terms conveyed or chanted was that a young writer, or anyone else who turned against the bourgeoisie, was fighting his way out of a charnel house.

THE other emotions that recur in proletarian writing could be expressed in more appealing images. Second to anger (or standing before it, in many cases) was the yearning for comradeship, for a sense of communion to be attained by merging the lonely and helpless "I" in a great fellowship of the dispossessed. Third was the burning faith that this "we" must rise by hundreds and thousands, then by millions against the exploiters: "Strike!" was always the message here. Fourth and last was the hope that "we" could march arm in arm across the battlefield and into the golden mountains of the future. Meanwhile there was not much place for gentler feelings like sorrow and romantic love. These could either be mentioned in passing as additional reasons why the workers must UNITE and FIGHT for every RIGHT, including that of loving and grieving at leisure, as rich people did, or else they could be deferred from consideration till the last battle was won.

The result of ruling out so many emotions was a monotony of tone that becomes even more evident in proletarian fiction than in poems and plays of the same school. Most of the proletarian novels were cast in one mold, and the fact is that many of them deal with the same events, usually a Communist-led strike like the one in the cotton mills of Gastonia, North Carolina. Within three years after the strike was fought and lost in the summer of 1929, it had become the subject of four published novels—*Strike!*, by Mary Heaton Vorse; *To Make My Bread*, by Grace Lumpkin; *Gathering Storm*, by Myra Page; and *Call Home the Heart*, by Fielding Burke—besides contributing to the background of Sherwood Anderson's *Beyond Desire*.

Strikes in lumber mills near Aberdeen, Washington, would be the subject of three novels: *Lumber*, by Louis Colman (1931); *The Land of Plenty*, by Robert Cantwell (1934), which can still be admired; and *Marching! Marching!*, by Clara Weatherwax (1935), which reads like a parody. Nevertheless it won a prize offered by the *New Masses* and a publishing house, the John Day Company, for the best proletarian novel submitted in manuscript. There were ninety other novels in the contest, all of which remained unpublished and unregretted, except by their authors.

As for the published novels, most of them have essentially the same plot. A young man comes down from the hills to work in a cotton mill (or a veneer factory or a Harlan County mine). Like all his fellow workers except one, he is innocent of ideas about labor unionism or the class struggle. The exception is always an older man, tough but humorous, who keeps quoting passages from *The Communist Manifesto*. Always the workers are heartlessly oppressed, always they go out on strike, always they form a union with the older man as leader, and always the strike is broken by force of arms. The older man dies for the cause, like John the Baptist, but the young hero takes over his faith and mission. Escaping from Herod's soldiery—usually with a sturdy young woman who has also been converted—the hero swears that his life will be devoted to organizing the workers for greater battles to come.

Proletarian poetry was more diversified in manners and messages than proletarian fiction, but most of it has become almost as hard to read. I do not think that its failure in this country was due to lack of talent among the poets. Some of them had, or seemed to have, more than enough to carry them through; as take for example Sol Funaroff, who edited a little magazine called *Dynamo* and often signed himself Charles Henry Newman. He was a sallow, gangling, shy, but fervent young man with a gift for bold musical constructions and another gift for interrupting them with terse imperatives. Thus, he addressed the landlords of the world as a single watchdog with a hundred heads:

> Howl, Cerberus,
> hell-hound of **war**
> defend your **hell**,
> howl and hiss your **hate.**
>
> Of those who have **power**
> I have hatred.
>
> You, thieves of **today**,
> what can you steal
> from those whose possessions
> are in the future?

There was Edwin Rolfe, who preferred the older iambic measures. Often he celebrated the daily lives and festivals of Communist party members in blank verse that read smoothly and effectively, until the reader stumbled over a party slogan left standing like a baby carriage in his path. ("But why not put the slogans into your own words?" I asked him when he submitted a poem

"There's a man on the phone with a message I couldn't possibly repeat."


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to the *New Republic*. "You don't understand," he said. "Slogans are the poetry of the new age.") There was Kenneth Fearing, who invented a style of his own that was halfway between Whitman and Damon Runyon. Often he wrote with a sardonic chuckle, as when he recounted the death of a white-collar man:

> Denouement to denouement, he took a
> personal pride in the certain, certain way he lived his own, private life,
> but nevertheless, they shut off his gas; nevertheless, the bank foreclosed; nevertheless, the landlord called; nevertheless, the radio broke;
> And twelve o'clock arrived just once too often,
> just the same he wore one grey tweed suit, bought one straw hat, drank one straight Scotch, walked one short step, took one long look, drew one deep breath,
> just one too many,
> And wow he died as wow he lived,
> going whop to the office, and blooie home to sleep, and biff got married, and bam had children, and oof got fired,
> zowie did he live and zowie did he die. . . .

Fearing resigned from poetry toward the end of the decade and began writing detective stories. He died in middle age, as did Edwin Rolfe, and Funaroff died young, all three without giving more than a foretaste of what one had hoped they would do. Among the poets who once belonged to the proletarian school, Muriel Rukeyser—more of a student than the others and with more music in her language—was the only one whose work developed over the years, though not in its early direction. Revolutionary verse belonged to a period of revolutionary enthusiasm and would have declined in any case as the period drew closer to its end, but we are left to wonder why it wasn't better while it flourished—in this country, I mean; some of it was very good in England and France.

One reason may have been that although there were several talented poets in the proletarian school, there was no outstanding talent like that of Aragon and Eluard in France or Auden in England. The presence there of such leaders, too self-assured to be jealous of rivals, helped to form something more than a group of poets; one might call it a poets' community. Auden in particular—"Uncle Wiz," as he was called by the younger men—attracted others into the revolutionary school by his faults as well as his virtues, but chiefly by his power of invention, which inspired others to make inventions of their own: to emulate rather than imitate. We had

"You'll love Stanley, Father. You both tilt at the same windmills."

no poet in the United States like the Auden of the early 1930s—not even Auden himself, when he finally came to New York.

But we did have a playwright who was admired and emulated, for a time, in almost the same fashion. I am thinking of Clifford Odets in 1935, the year of *Waiting for Lefty*.

He was then a young man of twenty-eight, the son of a Jewish immigrant, a Litvak, who had gone into the printing business and had mildly prospered over the years. Odets himself was born in Philadelphia and was reared mostly in the Bronx. After leaving high school at the age of fifteen, he had quarreled with his parents, who wanted him to be a businessman, and had lived on the edge of hunger while trying to become an actor. Twice he had speaking parts in Theatre Guild shows; then he became a member of the Group Theatre, a talented company that had been assembled by Harold Clurman and others without much thought of how it could survive. Somehow it struggled on from season to season, paying its actors when a show was running and at other times providing them with food and a place to sleep.

THE Group was devoted solely to art, but many of its younger members had begun to dream of being political revolutionists. Odets, a lonely man, was one of these. In Boston during the lean theatrical season of 1934, he confided his dreams to Clurman, who had become his only close friend in the company. "He wanted comradeship," Clurman says. "He wanted to belong to the largest possible group of humble, struggling men prepared to make a great common effort to build a better world. . . . None of my homilies could have the slightest effect on him. He was driven by a powerful emotional impetus, like a lover on the threshold of an elopement."

The New Theatre League had announced a prize to be given for a one-act play without scenery, designed for workers to produce at their ordinary meeting places. Odets, as he explained to Clurman, had a plan for meeting these conditions. A few days later he locked himself in a hotel room and set to work on his play, which he finished in three nights. *Waiting for Lefty* could be performed in an hour and was afterward printed in less than thirty pages, but it gives the effect of having more than its actual length—and this for a simple reason, because it presents not only the emotions but the typical characters and most of the messages that were scattered through fifty longer works of the proletarian school.

> *(As the curtain goes up we see a bare stage. On it are sitting six or seven men in a semi-circle. Lolling against the proscenium arch down left is a young man chewing a toothpick: a gunman. A fat man is talking directly to the audience. In other words he is the head of a union and the men ranged behind him are a committee of workers. . . .)*

That first stage direction shows how Odets has solved the problem of writing a play that requires no scenery and almost no stage properties except six or seven folding chairs. He has simply borrowed the technique of the blackface minstrel show. His interlocutor is

(*Continued on page* 61)



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# Cannes: Cinema and Semantics

By HOLLIS ALPERT

WHEN is a movie a festival movie and when is it not? The question intruded itself during the two weeks of the Seventeenth International Film Festival just ended at Cannes. The United States was among the twenty-six nations that entered an "official" film in the competition for the Grand Prize, and, as is habitual at the festival, the large contingents of press people, film critics, and diplomatic delegates wondered why we had entered what was clearly a "non-festival film." Our choice, chosen by a committee made up of screenwriters, directors, and producers, was *The World of Henry Orient*, which had its moments of humor, charm, and a typically American soupçon of soap suds. The audiences enjoyed the picture, they even applauded the picture, but the unofficial verdict was that it should never have been shown in competition at Cannes.

On the other hand, the Soviet Union entered an equally light and charming film called *Ballad of Moscow*, in which some young Russians go through a day of tragicomic mishaps but emerge singing cheerfully at the end. A festival film? Yes indeed. Or so opinion about it went. Why? Well, you see, the movie revealed a new Soviet attitude. It allowed something rare in Soviet films, a dash or two of carefully controlled self-criticism; it even made fun of a nineteen-year-old boy's fear of going inside a church (in search of a stray dog) on the grounds that he was an atheist. The movie also showed that Russian directors were aware of a new casual style in the direction of certain French and Italian films and were ready to adopt it for their own purposes.

Yet *The World of Henry Orient* also had its casual moments; its director, George Roy Hill, in sending Peter Sellers and two teen-age girls, Merrie Spaeth and Tippy Walker, through their paces, was obviously aware of the work of an innovator such as Tony Richardson and, more particularly, the young English cameraman Walter Lassally. It was a good deal fresher than the usual Hollywood romantic comedy, although it was in the same vein. But it seems we shouldn't have sent it.

George Stevens, Jr., who heads film activities for our United States Information Agency, explained the reasoning behind the committee's choice of *Henry Orient* for representation at Cannes. First of all, not every film studio was willing to allow its current items to be shown at Cannes, mainly because the chance of reaping criticism was greater than that of winning one of the few prizes. Of those movies available, the best bets were *Henry Orient* and the political melodrama, *The Best Man*. The latter was ruled out because of its political connotations, which, it was felt, would not be fully understood by the international crowd at Cannes. On the other hand, *Henry Orient* was the current best of a type of movie that was characteristically American. Therefore why not show it? Did anyone make the effort to grasp this reasoning? No.

The compounding of ironies at the festival was increased when *The Best Man* was shown out of competition. (It is always possible to show a film out of competition by getting some group or other to sponsor it; in this case the sponsor was "The Society of Cinema and TV Writers," whatever *that* is.) Resounding applause went up, and great critical praise followed in the press of many nations for our bravery in revealing American shortcomings. Such a film, it was said, "testified more than anything else to the strength of the American democratic system." Did it win a prize? No. On the other hand, it was a festival film and that, it seems, is important.

This year at Cannes it was decidedly more interesting to observe the varying tides of opinion than the dozens of movies shown in the Grande Salle and the Petite Salle of the Festival Palace on the Croisette. There were a few very good movies, Pietro Germi's *Seduced and Abandoned* among them, several that revealed the as yet uncertain talents of promising directors and screenwriters, and a great many that were sadly inept. Yet this large group of inept films found many supporters, and, at the least, much sympathy and tolerance. Meanwhile, Hollywood, or the concept for which the name stands, was as usual scathed and scorned. Film festivals are thought of as an international arena of understanding. The United States has not yet learned how to conduct itself in this arena; nor as yet is the United States understood.

A case in point, and one that seemingly has nothing to do with film: Several units of our Mediterranean fleet showed up and moored for days on end in full view of the Festival Palace. One was the huge atomic aircraft carrier, *The Enterprise*, its decks crowded with jet fighters and bomb carriers. Two atomic submarines surfaced no more than a mile offshore. A destroyer anchored. Cyrus Harvey, an American producer and importer of foreign films, was furious. "To show up here, of all places and of all times," he raged. "Why couldn't they put in at Villefranche or Toulon? What kind of understanding are *we* fostering?"

At night the decks and masts of the craft were brightly and cheerfully illuminated, as though the commanders wished to put on a show of their own. Irate letter-writers complained in the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*. One thought that President Johnson should be made aware that our ships were wasting electric current. Then, on a lovely sunshiny morning that brought out a dazzling show of bikinis on the beach, the *Enterprise* gave Cannes a spectacular surprise. The jet planes thundered into life on the carrier's decks, the thunder ricocheted off the surrounding hills, and heads popped out of the windows of the luxurious hotels to see what on earth or sea was happening. Several jets took off, went through some fancy maneuvers, and then headed straight for town at not much more than rooftop height.

AT THAT very moment, the Russian film delegation was holding a press conference, attended by several hundred journalists from Europe, Asia, and South America. The noise grew unbearable. The head of the delegation patiently ignored the noise as long as he could and then, with a remarkable show of restraint, went to the windows and closed them. The implied comment was devastating. I was surprised to find, however, that my European acquaintances at the festival were more tolerant of our warlike posturing than of the Hollywood film style. Denise Delveaux, who represented Belgian television, said: "We've had the American Army, the American Navy, and the American Air Force in Europe for so long that we take it for granted. All those atomic bombs make us a little nervous, of course." She didn't mention any Russian bombs, but undoubtedly they made her nervous, too. Peter Blake, editor of a British film magazine, said: "We're accustomed to the fact that Americans are somewhat insensitive." The least tolerant European was the head projectionist at the festival palace. All that atomic energy just offshore was raising havoc, he said, with his projection equipment, and accounted for moments of faulty sound and light quality. Truth to tell, when the jets buzzed the town the sound did


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grow fuzzy inside the palace. My own feeling is that the fleet just wanted to join the festival fun.

One American independent film effort did win its share of enthusiasm. This was the low-budget *One Potato, Two Potato,* which tearfully related the rather extreme case of an interracial marriage that developed an unforeseen consequence (see page 29).

In what is known as the Critic's Section, where promising films by newcomers are shown, *Goldstein*, a Chicago-made film, had its airing. The title alone caused much anticipation. "It's a perfect title for a festival film," someone said enthusiastically. *Goldstein,* however, turned out to be just another in the nose-thumbing vein of the New American Cinema, the so-called underground group of film-makers headed by Adolphus and Jonas Mekas, who have peculiar ideas as to what constitutes both humor and cinema art. One of the co-directors is the son of a prominent Chicago manufacturer of pork sausages. The film naturally had some scenes in the pork-sausage factory, involving a man inadvertently pushed into the machinery and emerging (not very originally) as pork sausage, which a man soon eats and burps on. Sick humor at its most fetid, and matched by an abortion scene in which two clown doctors giggle while they operate.

Gene Moskowitz, who writes for *Variety* from Paris and who helps choose films for the Critics Section, hailed the film as art and thought that it made for stronger American representation at the Festival. As far as could be determined, he was alone in this opinion. Far better youthful work was to be found in Bertolucci's *Before the Revolution,* a moody and poetic film about young contemporary Italians. *Barren Lives,* a realistic and moving film by a young Brazilian director about itinerant farm workers, was also effective.

THE most moving, by far, of all films shown at the festival was *Skopje 1963,* a Yugoslav feature-length documentary about the earthquake-demolished city, before and after. In this team effort were embodied the human values neglected by most of the artistically motivated entries. The photography brilliantly captured the faces of real people, shocked and grief-struck, brave and pitiful. It tore behind newspaper headlines and dry reporting to find qualities in the human spirit, and it hearteningly showed the international rescue and rebuilding efforts. It was presented out of competition, won no awards, and ought to be shown everywhere possible. A short film about the devastation wrought in Cuba by hurricane Flora made a pointed contrast. The international help received by Skopje from nations on both sides of the curtain was conspicuously missing in the case of Cuba. But the faces of the homeless people of Oriente Province were just as pitiful as those of Skopje.

On the artistic side, Japan's *Woman of the Dunes* was the most striking. It captured the Special Jury Prize, which is a way of saying it was the runner-up. Utilizing cinematic techniques at their fullest, it told a symbolic story of a man and woman imprisoned—the one unwillingly, the other willingly—in a sand pit. A crowd of bizarre villagers keeps them there for some obscure reason, and the purpose of the story has to do with the capabilities and struggles of people adjusting to the total human condition. Rumors were current at the festival that this was the French year, that it was time the French won the grand prize. Candidates were Truffaut's somewhat disappointing story of marital infidelity, *The Soft Skin,* and *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg,* which turned out to be the winner for no apparent reason. A story in the most obvious of sentimental French veins, it had the solitary distinction of being told entirely in a kind of *recitatif,* the direction supplied by Jacques Demy, the music by Michel Legrand. "Are you pregnant?" sings a mother to her pretty daughter. "Yes," the daughter sings back. And they complained about *Henry Orient*!

The eleven-member international jury had its problems, though, complicated by the loading of it with five jurors from one country—France. One of the American members was Charles Boyer, who is at least partially a Frenchman. The jury doesn't have much time between viewing the last film and announcing its selections; therefore the end result is invariably a compromise. Festival prizes need not be taken seriously, though they are much coveted. The best thing about Cannes is that it brings so many divergent points of view about movies to clash and sometimes to merge. It might be said that a film festival is a way toward international understanding through irritation. Even our fleet played its part this year.

Contestants at Cannes—Top, scene from Japan's *Woman of the Dunes;* bottom, scene from Italy's *Seduced and Abandoned.*



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# Saturday Review

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## Garbage in the Air

FIFTEEN years ago or so, if you did a lot of flying either in commercial or private planes, you began to notice the change in the atmosphere over the world's large cities. A grayish murk was settling over the metropolitan centers, marking them off from the surrounding countryside. Year by year, since then, the murk has been intensifying. It is now more black than gray. And it is reaching out from the large cities like a brackish fog over large areas of countryside.

Hundreds of millions of people throughout the world have to consult their memories for a notion of what clear light really is—or clean air, for that matter. The sun comes through, but it is filtered light and not the real thing. Only rarely, after sustained rains and strong winds, is it possible for most city-dwellers to know how blue a blue sky can be, or to experience the sensation of fresh air.

A decade ago, the existence of an atmospheric pall over Los Angeles first pressed itself upon the national consciousness. There, a combination of wind currents, natural overcast or haze, industrial smoke, and the gases of combustion engines produced a hazardous and ugly concentration, causing eyes to smart and lungs to protest. "Smog" it was called, and it was supposed to be a geographical phenomenon. Since that time, however, city after city in the world has come under heavy atmospheric pollution. Wherever you fly in the world today—Madrid, London, Frankfurt, Bangkok, Tokyo, Manila—you can identify large cities from the air not by their towers but by a thick black veil. Not until you are fairly close can you begin to penetrate the curtain and discern a specific configuration. Your inevitable reaction is one of disbelief that human beings could exist in the center of such atmospheric contamination. And from the perspective afforded you by the cockpit of your plane, you find it even more incomprehensible that people don't even seem aware of the steadily increasing assault on their environment.

Of all the cities, none seems to be under more of a filth fog than New York. Some of the sources of the pollution are clearly visible. Industrial plants between Newark and Jersey City throw up huge plumes of smoke that fan out and descend on New York. Even worse are the tall smokestacks of the power companies and New York City's own garbage incinerator inside Manhattan itself. Seen from the air, these chimneys in action look as though they were designed to protect the city against air attack by laying down a massive smokescreen. Meanwhile, heavy smoke from thousands of smaller chimneys—from hotels, apartment houses, and office buildings—pump hundreds of tons of soot into the Manhattan air. All this, of course, is in addition to the choking gaseous emanations from buses, cabs, and cars. The same city trucks that spray and clean the streets give off heavy emanations of foul exhaust. Gutters are clean but lungs are filling up. Statues from Egypt or Greece, transplanted to New York parks, show more effects of erosion in a few years than took place over centuries in their original homes. The stone sides of new buildings, after only a year or two of exposure to New York's soot and gases, become heavily streaked. This is the same grisly grime that now coats over the once-pink tissue of the human respiratory tract.

New York City has ordinances against chimney smoke, but enforcement has become a joke. Indeed, the city itself is among the worse offenders. It operates a large incinerator on the East River Drive, pumping garbage smoke over a large part of the metropolitan area. What makes the situation in New York paradoxical and ludicrous is that city officials wage a widespread educational campaign to persuade people not to litter the street with candy wrappers or cigarette boxes. The city itself adds to the poisonous garbage that litters the air.

The nation is alarmed, and properly so, about the steep rise in the incidence of cancer. A report issued by the U.S. Surgeon General has linked cigarette smoking to this increase. Is there no connection between malignancy and air contamination, much of it from smoke and fumes? Is it unreasonable to expect that the U.S. Surgeon General should also undertake a report on air pollution?

THE problem of impure air is not an isolated one. It is related to the larger problem of environmental poisoning now so characteristic of contemporary living. Brooks and streams are being contaminated by the widespread use of detergents, the chemical composition of which does not permit water to become purified through nature's replenishing chain. Our rivers are infected by poisons from insecticides, killing millions of fish. Even greater numbers of birds have been affected. Meanwhile, the nation itself is being despoiled at a fearsome rate. A million acres are taken out of cultivation each year for new superhighways. Another million acres are being claimed by expanding cities. Asphalt, cement, and black hydrocarbons now become the main features of the human environment.

Any verdict on man—modern man—is bound to show him as incredibly inventive but just as disdainful of the connection between cause and effect. He has devised ways of turning wheels faster and doing things more efficiently than they have ever been done before, but he has given only the most superficial attention to the cheapening of



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human life that sometimes results from the process. Most astounding of all is the importance he attaches to individual cleanliness even as he creates a total environment of poison and filth. Parents teach their children to clean their fingernails but are apparently unworried about the dangerous layers of dirt that get into their bodies. Vast enterprises are developed to kill off body odors and make the human being a sweet-smelling delight. But what about the horrendous odors and poisonous gases that emanate from the backs of buses, trucks, and cars? How is it that the passion for daily baths and deodorants has not been extended to the environment itself?

Even if environmental fouling were not a health hazard and were solely a matter of natural disfiguration, it would warrant a torrential outpouring of human anger. No man need apologize because his sense of beauty and wonder is assailed. A considerable portion of beauty is disappearing from the world. If the process is to be stopped, indignation in appropriate depth and quantity will have to be registered.

One man in the United States Congress, Senator Abraham Ribicoff, of Connecticut, has taken leadership in the fight against stenches, poisons, and pollution. If enough people make known to him their concern and support, he may get somewhere. Without public backing, his cause may wither.

It is perhaps significant that the expedition to the moon, now in preparation, will sterilize and sanitize every object, however small, carried by our space ships. The purpose is to avoid contaminating the moon. This is a commendable purpose. Perhaps a bit of the same intensity of effort and expenditure might be directed to getting rid of some of the colossal contamination now burdening the earth. —N.C.

"Oh, it was a *very* small business deal—I managed to put it over during a game of miniature golf."

# As It Happens

Inevitably, every this-time-of-the-year, undergraduates do silly, irrational things. They swallow goldfish, make panty raids, jam into telephone booths, pyramid empty beer cans, get married.

Bobby Kennedy doesn't read Walter Lippmann very carefully. A month ago the columnist suggested the Attorney General move to New York and prepare to run for *Governor*.

"Keep New York clean during the Fair!" That's the order given the Police Department's morals squad. Bob Moses won't stand for unfair competition.

Soon the children will be going off to camp. Mothers are busy sewing on name tapes, packing uniforms, and addressing stamped envelopes to themselves.

Any gangster who thought of coming out of retirement changed his mind when the White House decided *not* to retire J. Edgar Hoover.

None of the Presidential hopefuls has discussed a most pressing issue of the day, the population explosion. They do not intend to get into a controversy about babies, even those who aren't around yet.

The agencies are having trouble creating successful ads for ladies' cigars. No matter how you photograph a woman with a cigar in her mouth, she looks as foolish as a man with a lampshade on his head.

Matron overheard in bookstore: "Should I take James Baldwin with me on my vacation?"

It's always hard for us to concentrate at outdoor Greenwich Village art shows. The passers-by are so much further out than any of the pictures.

We believe the striking Belgian doctors lost some popular support because they went too far. They should have emulated American doctors, who are on strike only nights and weekends.

—Fred Sparks.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## That Man's Manner

JOHN CIARDI IS A FRAUD. He is a sheep in wolf's clothing. He has tried, and has almost succeeded, in fooling a large number of readers into thinking his bite is real. The truth is that he is a softie who gets pushed around by maiden lady librarians and small children. Something is missing from your magazine when MANNER OF SPEAKING is absent.

FRANCES COOPER THOMPSON.
Fargo, N.D.

IT IS RATHER UNFORTUNATE that your correspondent, Virgil J. Vogel, yielded to his impulse to blast John Ciardi before the May 2 *SR* reached him. Had he then turned to page 10 and read "A Garland of Birds," I think he might have been assured that Mr. Ciardi, regardless of his early life, can put gentleness and understanding into his writing.

I have been wanting to write my appreciation of Mr. Ciardi for some time, and perhaps this is as good a moment as any. Whether or not I agree with his point of view—and sometimes I do not—I find him always stimulating and thought-provoking.

MRS. SAMPLE B. FORBUS.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

ONE OF THE THINGS I find it difficult to understand about John Ciardi's critics is their strange sensitivity to ideas they don't happen to agree with. Since when have magazine readers—and especially *SR* readers—insisted that everything they read be blandly reassuring to their own prejudices? One of the best things about Mr. Ciardi is that it's such fun to have those weekly arguments with him.

REGINALD L. MONROE.
San Francisco, Calif.

## Views of Conservatism

IF I HAD BEEN BORN on Mars and freshly arrived here, I might have believed that *SR* had invented James J. Kilpatrick, who wrote "What a Southern Conservative Thinks" [*SR*, Apr. 25]. Having been born in North Carolina and not being newly minted, I am sadly aware that Mr. Kilpatrick is not only real, but is even serious.

The Southern conservative deplores Medicare, improvements in mass transit, public housing, and all and sundry forms of federal aid except when it is specifically helpful to him (witness massive federal aid to Arizona during Senator Goldwater's tenure in Congress). Editor Kilpatrick becomes highly specific when he lists two activities the "central government has been up to lately." One of these was the decree that birch furniture shall be labeled birch, and the other was an FDA authorization concerning the use of iron salts in food-packaging adhesives. Mr. Kilpatrick, presumably, would have us return to the good old days when birch furniture could be labeled maple, and the term edible meant whatever a processor wanted it to mean.

I can't buy this simple homespun philosophy, and I cannot see that being editor of a Richmond newspaper or inheriting a department store in Arizona necessarily makes a man an expert on what constitutes individual freedom. I see signs that Americans are becoming bored with the so-called conservative argument.

E. C. LEONARD.
Plainfield, N.J.

I AM GLAD GOODMAN ACE is back, but James Kilpatrick is twice as funny. A gem is his statement that the proposed civil rights bill will cause the government to be not closer to the people but more remote. How many millions of people are living in the South who don't have the slightest say in "their" government, people who have absolutely no rights?

JOHN NEUFELD.
East Lansing, Mich.

MORE THAN ONCE I have read praise for Mr. Kilpatrick as being perhaps the most articulate spokesman for the Southern side in the civil rights debate. But his article left me with some profound reservations.

Among other things, his argument is not only against big government but against big business as well, and even against high-rise apartments. He rallies to the defense of the "ancient rights of property" without seeming to be aware that there is a more ancient and more fundamental right of human life and dignity to which the lesser right of property must give precedence. He is much exercised over the fact that a person retired on Social Security and a pension cannot work for him, neglecting the obvious remedy—an amendment to the Social Security law that would make such work possible.

But he raises a larger question that does need to be answered. As a federalist, I, too, am concerned over the growth of the central government at the expense of the states. For one of the very best arguments in favor of world federation is the American experience. He charges decay of the power of the state governments, and there has been decay. Leaving aside the growth of federal power made necessary by our advances in the twentieth century, with the attendant rise of communications and trade, there is no doubt that the power and prestige of the individual states has shrunk.

But Mr. Kilpatrick seems wholly to have missed the cause. Has not the federal power increased because in many instances the states have so consistently refused to meet their obligations to their own citizens that those citizens have had to turn to the United States for relief? We have a national Social Security system because no state has provided a pension system adequate for their underprivileged workers. We have a Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation because no state has seen fit to perform the service that the people demand. The example of literacy tests that Mr. Kilpatrick cites is a superb case in point. There is no question of banning such tests, as he declares. Instead, it has become necessary to offer a federal statute that would presume that a sixth-grade education was a sufficient guarantee of literacy so that further testing would not be necessary. This proposal is being adopted today in the Senate precisely because Virginia and many other states have used their literacy tests in a cynical attempt to frus-

"Now, dammit, don't paint anything that's going to lose us accounts!"



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trate a basic right of their own citizens. By all means let us have a restoration of state power and states' rights, but not that they may be further empowered to work injustice upon citizens of this country.

Mr. Kilpatrick closes with the suggestion that one solution to world problems might be the subordination of American identity altogether in some form of world government. Is it not a matter of coordination rather than subordination? The very same federal principle that brought the independent states to form the American nation is working today to bring America and the other nations to form a "world authority." This is needed precisely because the problems of interstate relations that could be solved in this country only by the adoption of our Constitution are the very same problems grown large that compel us today to seek world federation. They can be solved in no other way. There is an evolution in human affairs made necessary by human growth, and no amount of antebellum nostalgia, whether of the 1917 or 1861 variety, will change the facts of life. Of course we can kick against the goad, as Mr. Kilpatrick does throughout his article, but the penalty is the same in either case: to return to chaos on the national scene or to perpetuate it on the international stage. To this program of regression is attached only one uncertainty, the date on the calendar when the bill for our folly comes due.

(The Rev.) G. G. Grant, S.J.,
Loyola University.
Chicago, Ill.

## Amen to a Protest

I agree with Angus McDougall's letter [*SR*, May 2] expressing concern over the transport of Michelangelo's *Pietà* or any of the other sculptures that have recently been making the Grand Tour. I feel somehow, having been educated myself in the forms and nature of these works of art only through photographs, that part of the beauty one recognizes in them can come only through their original setting.

Viewing the *Pietà* against a crowd facing you from the other side of a bulletproof glass, or the *Venus de Milo* under similar circumstances, whether at the World's Fair in New York or at a museum in Japan, seems the worst sort of foolishness. And I wonder what the travelers to Europe this year will feel, having to catch the *Pietà* en route or the *Venus de Milo* on a side trip to Japan, rather than in those places where travelers have viewed them for many years. I hope, with Mr. McDougall, that these two trips will be the last that such works of art will make.

Julia N. Schairer.
San Francisco, Calif.

## Suggestion

The recent disastrous passenger plane flight from Reno to San Francisco prompts a suggestion. Such accidents might have been prevented in the past and might also be prevented in the future.

If each person flying would have a reasonable amount of insurance protection included in the purchase price of his ticket, no one would need additional insurance protection. In fact, the prohibition of the purchase of additional insurance might bring an added advantage.

It is much more important to protect the lives of individuals flying than to make the insurance companies richer.

Willy S. Kronheimer.
San Francisco, Calif.

## The Novel's Plight

Regarding Herbert Kubly's "The Vanishing Novel" [*SR*, May 2], the novel . . . is being done to death by the literary fashion arbiters who have decreed that only base instincts and despair are truth, only degradation is art. Any novel that holds otherwise is done to death by silence. It is simply not reviewed. No amount of advertising by the publisher will activate a book ignored by the critics. . . . Serious fiction must end unhappily. If it ends with any promise of good to come, it is "women's magazine trash."

Why? Because we are all doomed and any hope is false.

The reader's need for fantasy or drama or excitement can be satisfied by his daily paper or TV, as Mr. Kubly says. But the reader craves something more, and when he fails to find it, he stops buying novels. Life is complicated, frightening. The reader looks for some explanation, some hope, some reassurance of the innate dignity of human life, some possibility that the individual still can choose between right and wrong, still can make an effort to improve himself and the world around him. This he does not find.

He finds 800 pages in which there is not one decent character. He finds a well-meaning jerk who is betrayed or corrupted or killed by evil. This is truth, realism, art. Any deviation from such orthodoxy today is hounded and destroyed by contempt. If the writer is a young unknown, he can be smothered by silence. If he has a public, he must be discredited. He is called a hack, a Rotarian, a slick-magazine optimist, a flag-waver, or whatever.

Why should any book-buyer plunk down good money for something that makes him feel nothing he does is any use? Why should he buy such a book as a gift to give to some friend lying in the hospital wrestling with pain and fear, to a young graduate of high school or college, or to a friend recently bereaved or worrying about his marriage or his business or his health? The market for books as gifts is disappearing because to give gloom is hardly generous. . . . To whom can you give *Ship of Fools* or *Letting Go*? Only to some smug pseudo-intellectual who blindly follows the fashions and considers the praised book a status symbol. . . .

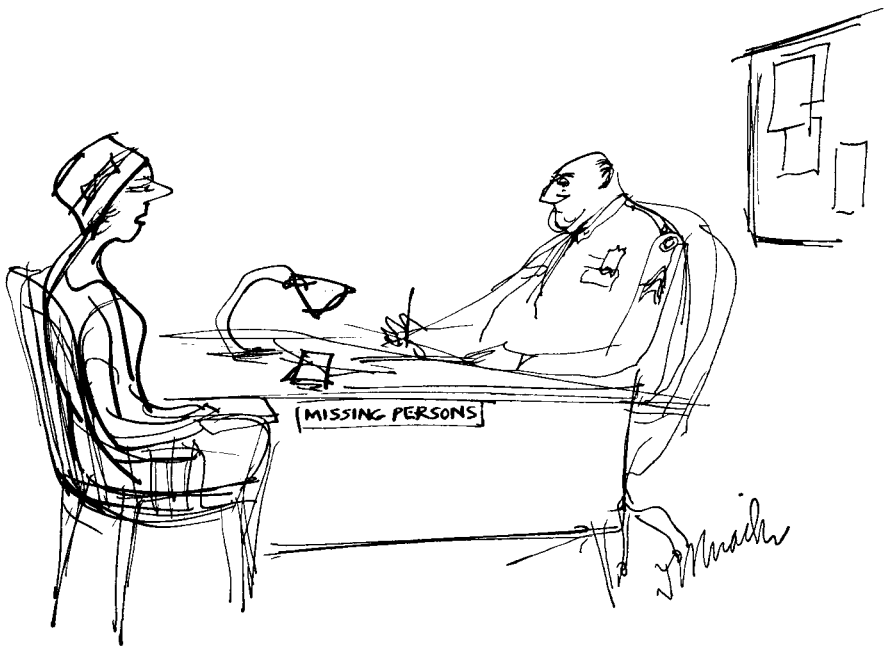
Marian Champagne.
Albany, N.Y.

I find Mr. Kubly's cry-baby attitude difficult to understand. Is it such a crime to have failed as a novelist? Is Kubly so chained to the commercialistic psyche of our culture that he feels it necessary to strike out at those who are successful within its context? After all, there are other things that one can do for a living and still keep noveling as a pleasant hobby. . . .As a self-proclaimed altruist and humanist, why is he so angry with Rona Jaffe, Irving Wallace, and Harold Robbins, instead of being happy to see them become successful within the context of our culture? Obviously, he is very angry that "noncommercial" writers are not allowed by our society to make more money from their work. This is a contradiction in his thought. The whole article smacks of bitterness and sour grapes.

Neil Elliott Blum.
Chicago, Ill.

I have the following message for Herbert Kubly regarding "The Vanishing Novel": Chicken.

Thomas A. West, Jr.
Madison, Conn.




"He left a note saying he'd gone to Marlboro Country."



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## Sunday in the South Pacific

ON A recent Sunday with the beach beckoning, I found myself in the familiar pose of packing my suitcase, in this case under the thatched roof of my *bure* at Korolevu in the Fiji Islands. I bade goodbye to all the mosquitoes, resting now after a busy night of endless sorties, and hastened to the dining room, where the morning menu included such robust delights as asparagus omelets and sausages and gravy. I charged these somewhat startling entries off to the considerable trade in tourists from Australia and New Zealand, settled, like any gross American, for bacon and eggs, and, with an Indian driver at the wheel, bounced off down the dirt highway on the long drive to the airport.

It so happens that once each week, on Sundays, Pan American flies one of the last of its propeller-driven DC-7Cs on the relatively short hop from Fiji eastward to Samoa, and it was this plane—schedules being what they are down in these drifty latitudes—that I was hurrying to make. The airport at Nadi, which is a considerable distance from almost anywhere else in Fiji, is a remarkable structure. By all odds it is one of the most modern in all the South Pacific—more impressive by far than the decrepit one at Sydney. And New Zealand, of course, still doesn't have a jet runway. Fiji's oversized aerodrome is admittedly a little too large for its needs, like an overlarge suit bought for a growing child. It has the equipment of the big boys, such as a duty-free liquor department and a duty-free shop. However, the last-minute liquor sales, handled with such finesse and dispatch in experienced places like Shannon Airport, throw the staff into a minor turmoil down here, and the so-called duty-free goods available inside the customs barrier are bargains that can be passed up.

All these carping details aside, I must say I did feel that I was inside an international airport as I made my way to the gate and boarded the plane for the Sunday outing to Pago Pago. I think the pilot thought of it as a Sunday outing, too, for he conducted us on an aerial excursion of the South Pacific complete with a fascinating travelogue delivered over the intercom. Having become so accustomed to the jet age, I had forgotten in just what comfort we flew, back in those propeller days. Stretched out in the aft cabin of a DC-7, feet propped up on the footrests, beholding the splendor of the South Seas while the soft tones of the skipper burbled out of the loudspeaker, made for me an altogether enchanting Sunday afternoon. At least, part of it was Sunday afternoon. The other part was Saturday, for somewhere in midocean we crossed the international dateline and gained a day.

The high point of our aerial outing—I must say I have no idea whether it was Sunday afternoon or Saturday afternoon when we passed over it—was the arrival over Niuafoo, better known as "Tin Can Island." Niuafoo is a remote island with little to justify its existence except perhaps its coconut plantation. Mail deliveries were so difficult and time-consuming by boat that C. S. Ramsey, the foreman of the coconut plantation, originated a system of mail deliveries by rocket. The rockets left the ships all right, but on descent they had a habit of burning the vegetation, and sometimes the mail as well. Ramsey gave up the rockets. He swam the mail to shipside, picking up a tin can filled with the postal deliveries, and swam back to shore with it. The system worked so well that Niuafoo became known as Tin Can Island, and it wasn't until Ramsey was hit by a shark that the long swim was abandoned.

Having left Fiji at midday Sunday and flown a few hours, I found it a bit startling to land at Samoa on Saturday afternoon. The old airport was still in use when I was there, but the new one was ready and awaited only official benediction. Unlike the sharp-lined glass boxes built at Fiji, the facilities at Pago Pago have been done in Samoan style. A typical Samoan *fale* with its intricate roofing system was constructed under the supervision of the chiefs, and considering the architecture that was used on airport buildings in Hawaii, Fiji, and Tahiti, it is the only facility of its kind that reflects the style of its people. Every other place has succumbed to the square lines and boxy attitudes, the glass-and-formica neo-motel school of architecture.

Since I had come to American Samoa to assay its vacation possibilities, I found myself, in order to be properly welcomed to the island, being swept up in the governor's station wagon and dispatched with haste to the top of the hill where he lives. I mean, they don't settle for a lei around your neck. In a native-styled *fale* behind the gubernatorial mansion, the chiefs were already assembled, each leaning against a pole. It was a warm afternoon, and even though some of the chiefs were bare to the waist, revealing acres of tattooing, protocol demanded I wear a coat. We sat leaning on our poles and, with the

—*Pan Am.*

Pago Pago—Long-tailed white doves winging over the valley floor, and a native welcome up on the hill.



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chiefs against theirs, a long, involved greeting ceremony began. The village virgin appeared, a lovely girl wearing a huge headdress inlaid with mirror and festooned with tufts of feathers. She seated herself in front of a huge wooden bowl in which she commenced to mix the *kava*, handing the pepper root to a helper who wrung it out and then returned it. When she was through she had made a dishwatery liquid that was then ladled out in coconut shells to each chief in turn and then to the assembled Americans. Following our instructions, we spilled a few drops on the ground, lifted the cup, said *manuia*, rather like a toast, and drank. The result is not unakin to the numbness that still clings to the waning moments of a novocaine shot, and I sat there with the perspiration trickling down my chest, memories of days at the dentist's in New York running through my head, contemplating the bare-chested chief alongside me whose elegant tattoos rippled each time he reached to light another Salem with his Zippo, a possession he kept secreted somewhere in the folds of his *lava lava* skirt.

Some of the chiefs were smoking cigars, which gave them the opportunity to puff contemplatively during the welcoming speeches that each delivered. Translations were done by the High Talking Chief. Like the important chiefs, the governor has a High Talking Chief who functions as his mouthpiece in the local idiom, Samoan, a Polynesian tongue. The governor, H. Rex Lee, who came to these islands from the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, is a hard-driving, imaginative leader, probably the best governor we have ever had on the scene, but it would be too much to ask him to learn Samoan. Like all important chiefs, he also owns the root of a pepper bush, the symbol of authority. Quite rightfully, his is the stoutest of all the chiefs' and when it is ushered into the welcome scene, as it was the afternoon we assembled in the federal *fale*, its arrival was heralded by a wildly shouting courier whose shrill cries echoed off the surrounding peaks. All in all, it was a helluva Sunday, or Saturday, afternoon.

The terrace of the governor's home hangs over the harbor at Pago Pago, and there is perhaps no better place to inhale the romance of the port that Maugham put so indelibly on the map. Hulking over it all rises Rainmaker Mountain, coaxing the dew from the clouds, about 200 inches of it. Below lies the intricate pattern of the harbor that began its prominence as an important coaling station of the South Pacific. On a little peninsula, once Goat Island, home of the Navy's officers' club, Pago Pago will at last get a hotel worthy of the name. It will have 100 rooms when it is ready sometime next summer. Sixty of them will be in the main building, a conventional two-story hotel structure with a roof like a *fale*. The other forty lodgings are in two-room houses, genuine Samoan *fales*, built with Samoan hands, but adapted to comfortable hotel use. The bedroom and bath will be contained in a box inside the *fale*, while the remainder becomes a *lanai*, or front porch.

THE hotel, like many another project in Samoa, is part of Lee's dream. It is financed by the American-Samoan Development Corporation and is sponsored by the government. Although Hawaiian banks have guaranteed interim financing, money has been raised by encouraging the Samoans themselves to invest in the project. Anyone who is 51 per cent Samoan has been able to buy shares by authorizing payroll deductions. Cries of discrimination have arisen from would-be shareholders whose blood lines fail to reach the minimum requirements, but the object is to make Samoa safe for the Samoans and keep the wheeling and dealing operators out of town. What with Pan American already routing one of their three weekly flights to Australia by way of Samoa (formerly all three went by way of Fiji), it was only natural that Intercontinental Hotels, a Pan Am affiliate, was awarded the management contract. It was a sad blow for Edwin K. Hastings, Hilton's vice president for the Pacific, who had dreams of adding the Pago Pago Hilton Hilton to the company string.

If the new hotel catches on—and Lee has dreams of tourists island-hopping the South Pacific as if it were the Caribbean—there will be other sites and presumably other Hilton chances. Lee took me one afternoon on a long ride around the island to sites that had already been examined by representatives from Hilton and Sheraton. We stood for a time on the plateau formed by an outcropping of lava that crunched underfoot. The palms stretched out in an endless flow of silvery broadloom. Down below, a tiny cove was edged with a sandy beach and decorated with an overhang of palms and greenery spilling into the sea. Long-tailed white doves came winging and wheeling across the valley floor, running along a *costa brava* where the blue sea came to shore in a crash of foaming waves.

Someday there will be other hotels, part of the secondary plan, high on the volcanic plateau and down by the sandy sea. And visitors will be welcome, as they are not now, to Pago Pago. They will be waterskiing in the harbor while the radios from the Japanese fishing boats blare reedy music across the water. They will be browsing on the *malai*, or square, bargaining for necklaces of red *lopa* seeds, boats of breadfruit wood, and huge pieces of *tapa*. They will come on Flag Day when the sixty-foot-long canoes pulled by forty-four oars set out to sea, and they will ride the cable car to Mt. Alava.

By then, perhaps, the old Rainmaker Hotel, still the only inn in all of Samoa, will probably be gone. But until the new hotel is opened next year, it will live out the remaining days of a colorful, if uncomfortable, life. When I stopped by there the other week, the place, as usual, was packed. All the

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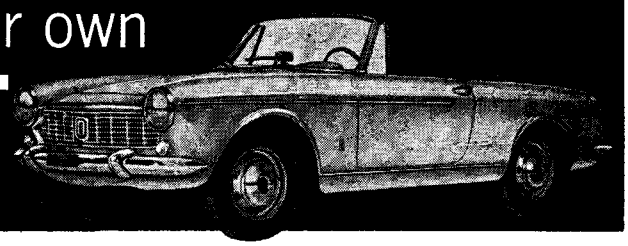

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eight double rooms were filled, and so were the twelve beds in the annex. I met an Italian businessman who had been on the plane from Fiji Sunday. As we flew over the South Pacific, he had sent back a bottle of champagne because it wasn't cold. I suspect he would have been happy now to exchange his seat in the plane, warm champagne and all, for his room at the Rainmaker Annex. When I asked him about it, he threw up his hands and rued his sense of romantic curiosity that caused him to stop at Samoa on his way home from Sydney to Rome.

Rooms at the Rainmaker open to a corridor, but the corridor is frequently filled with extra beds. A sign says "Welcome American Samoa Lion's Club Meets Tuesday at 7:00 P.M." But there is no lobby, and I can't imagine where they meet unless it be in the dining room. The day I was there an egg box full of fascinating shells lay open on a table, and I picked up each shell, marveling at the unusual shapes and colors. "I got those this morning," the lady manager told me. "They're all live shells, and that one is poisonous." I dropped it quickly into the egg carton. "If that were to bite you, it could be serious," she said.

My Italian friend came in, resplendent in a silk shirt tailored on the Via Condotti. He gazed at the tables in the dining room. "I'm paying sixteen dollars a day, and I'm not eating," he told me heatedly. Alongside him sat a biologist from the University of California at Berkeley. He had been sent down to figure out the wholesale execution of the rhinoceros beetle that was eating Samoa's coconuts. And then there were the two post office inspectors from San Francisco who had come down to evaluate the complaints of the citizens of Fitiuta, on the island of Tau, who have had to walk twelve miles to get their mail. They found a High Talking Chief with some spare time, and he agreed to take the mail delivery contract. While in Samoa, the inspectors took advantage of their trip to speed delivery in the outer islands of Samoa by setting up a Zip Code system.

I walked down to Goat Island, where the former officers' club was in Sunday night swing. Soon it would be razed for the new hotel, but the last days were pleasant ones. A buffet table had been set up at one end of the low room and scrubbed American families waited at the plastic tables for someone to announce dinner. The six bar stools were occupied by crewcut, bearded sailors in summer whites. They were sipping fifty-cent highballs. A juke box twanged in the corner, but on Saturday nights, when an orchestra played for dancing, it was, I was assured, definitely the place to be. —Horace Sutton.

## TV AND RADIO

### A Sense of History

WHEN CBS and NBC expanded their evening television news programs last season, each had third-act trouble. Their new thirty-minute formats required dramatic and journalistic rhythm; both networks lacked a climax in their news programs. Now the CBS Evening News Report seems to have discovered a satisfactory windup man in the person of Eric Sevareid. More often than not, he appears on the five-day-a-week program, around the next-to-closing spot, with approximately two minutes of commentary that resonates impressively in the viewer's mind after the program ends. When Sevareid is absent from the lineup of CBS correspondents, the resonance is gone; when he is present, the show is buttoned up in spirit and in body.

The Peabody Award Committee, in citing Sevareid this year for television news commentary, noted "the directness with which he engages his listeners and the penetrating way in which he goes to the heart of the more troublesome issues." Viewers who enjoy his brief essays on the air generally appreciate his humor and liberal views, but the essence of Sevareid is his sense of history. Scanning a sample of his texts recently, I was struck by the recurring historical dimension of his reflections upon the flow of events and the leaders who shape them.

Sevareid made the following observation about a recent speech by Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee: "With the departure of President Kennedy's long-distance thinkers and writers, the center of philosophical, historical thinking about America has moved from the White House to the Senate, specifically, to Mr. Fulbright's desk." And he went on to remark that "Senator Fulbright follows the maxim of the ancient Greek who said the unexamined life is not worth living." Discussing the issue of official prayers in public schools, he quoted a Pennsylvania justice who said 100 years ago: "The manifest object of the men who framed the institutions of this country was to have a state without religion and a church without politics. That is to say, they meant that one should never be used as an engine for any purpose of the other. . . . " Sevareid, in a May Day footnote, quoted a French philosopher who contrasted Karl Marx's sense of history ("an immense and terrible set of concatenated necessities") with the American people's feeling for the past: "They walk, they march, they gambol ahead of history as in those big processions with resounding bands and girls in fancy dress which so often enliven American streets."

The commentator's references to contemporary public figures abound in personal recollections. He concluded a talk about Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge with an experience they shared twenty years ago in Calcutta. He began another talk about Senator Hubert Humphrey with a memory of the Senator's speech at the Democratic Convention sixteen years ago, which launched his national career. "Many historians," he noted in a talk about Harry Truman, "will be busy for decades putting the Truman era in perspective. . . . He never confused himself with the office of the Presidency. He thought of himself only as a temporary instrument of history's impersonal forces." In a television news program, where information flows ceaselessly with instant forgetfulness, Sevareid's instinct for relationships that illuminate chronologies is a valuable gift.

But this is not mere historicism, accounting for values by exhaustive descriptions of origins. The CBS newsman's sense of history is philosophical. Events for him are carried by individual human beings. In one report he spoke of the dangers of electronic advances to the privacy of the individual. He noted on another program that "the humanitarian problem of Communist Cuba has now become almost entirely a policy problem. Human beings and their personal fate are gradually lost sight of." In an ironic text on a killing in New York, he commented: "In really advanced urban living a collection of strangers is a city, but it is not a community." With perceptive wit and flashes of epigram, he often reminds his viewers that "the core of the American problem at this stage of history does not lie overseas or in outer space; it lies in inner space, terra firma and inner man."

A twentieth-century television essayist, Sevareid works in a great tradition. Joseph Addison, the eighteenth-century editor of *The Spectator,* once criticized newspapers for emphasizing "what passes in Muscovy or Poland" rather than "the knowledge of one's self." And Samuel Johnson once said: "Men more frequently require to be reminded than informed." Addison and Johnson would probably have approved of the Sevareid sense of history.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.



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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### The Art of Meaning

ALTHOUGH by no means everyone agrees that art must have meaning, it is generally conceded that once meaning is introduced into a work of art, it had better be handled with considerable artistry. This is particularly true of the motion picture, which, perhaps more than any other medium, lends itself to the treatment of tendentious material. Consummate artists like Fellini and Bergman can use it to make the most outrageous statements; but because these statements are couched in a context of valid human relationships probed by the camera, their pictures are accepted as an artistic expression of a point of view. It is the lesser artist, operating from precept rather than perception, who lays himself open to the charge of propaganda.

No one, for example, thought of last year's *David and Lisa* or *Lilies of the Field* as propagandistic, even though they spoke for goals that have long been the subject of intensive pamphleteering. The fact is that these films, modest and endearing, eschewed polemic in favor of a warm, highly personalized presentation of their problems. If we could be made to feel for two very specific disturbed children, or for one spirited and independent Negro, our sympathies and understanding might be expected to extend farther. The films present us with individuals; any generalizations are left to us.

This is the technique, once again, of still another unpretentious American movie that has just created a stir at the Cannes Festival (see page 20). *One Potato, Two Potato*, a first film for producer Sam Weston and director Larry Peerce (son of tenor Jan Peerce), would seem to have every possibility of duplicating the success of *David and Lisa* and *Lilies*. Its story is simple, direct, and distressingly human. A white girl, deserted by her husband shortly after bearing him a child, marries a Negro a few years later. The new marriage is a happy one for all concerned; even the man's parents, although at first reluctant, accept her wholeheartedly with the birth of her second child. But the first husband returns and, learning that his daughter is being brought up among Negroes, institutes court action to reclaim her. And the court—as apparently has been the case in every action of this kind—awards him custody of the child. The reasoning: Although the little girl is utterly happy with her new father and her new home, society has not yet accepted mixed marriages, and this may lead to later maladjustments for the child. In a searing final scene, feeling rejected without reason, the girl turns on her mother in a blind fury. And we are left helpless with the knowledge that racism has blasted at least two innocent and loving people.

What gives this film its vast appeal, quite apart from Barbara Barrie's eloquent and touching performance as the hapless mother, is its absence of preachment on a subject about which feelings run high. Instead, we get to know the protagonists as people, and to feel for them as individuals. Even the errant father, although nominally the villain of the piece, is not motivated solely by self-interest; the film makes it amply clear that he is doing what he thinks is best for his child. Its deepest and most disturbing observations, however, center about the Negro family—its initial reluctance to accept a white girl, the husband's difficulty in finding a white lawyer to handle his case, and, particularly, his frustrating realization that society has robbed him of his manhood by denying him the right to defend his family. Bernie Hamilton is effective as the husband, Marti Merika is completely unself-conscious as the daughter, and producer Weston provides an earthy, proletarian touch as the goodhearted friend of them all.

There are technical flaws to *One Potato, Two Potato*. Not all the actors are first-rate; the writing is sometimes repetitious, sometimes overripe; and the staging of the scenes occasionally reveals the extreme budgetary limitations under which the film was produced. These become meaningless, however, in the light of the emotional impact and character credibility that Peerce has created.

On the other hand, *Voice of the Hurricane*, produced as part of the Moral Rearmament program, is wholly a thesis film, arguing that the solution to Africa's present-day problems is some Christian love on all sides. But because Peter Howard and Alan Thornhill proffer one-dimensional characters to illustrate their theme and prefer preachment to dramaturgy, their picture neither touches nor convinces. Curiously, and perhaps symptomatically, Muriel Smith, portraying a leader of the natives, springs to life only in one brief scene in which she expresses the African Negroes' deep and abiding hatred of the whites. This, one senses, is the real thing; the rest is merely ineptly projected wishful thinking.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

### PICK A NUMBER

For centuries, writers have liked to use numbers in the titles of their works. The Reverend Arthur MacGillivray, S.J., of the faculty of Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, has collected a score of such titles and asks you to pair author and work. Answers on page 61.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Act One | ( ) | Storm Jameson |
| 2. Two Years Before the Mast | ( ) | Stanley Wolpert |
| 3. Three Kingdoms | ( ) | Leonid Andreyev |
| 4. The Four Feathers | ( ) | Richard Fryklund |
| 5. The Marquise Went Out at Five | ( ) | Alexandre Dumas |
| 6. Six Characters in Search of an Author | ( ) | Moss Hart |
| 7. The Seven Who Were Hanged | ( ) | William Bolitho |
| 8. And Then There Were Eight | ( ) | Claude Mauriac |
| 9. Nine Hours to Rama | ( ) | Leon Uris |
| 10. The Tenth Year of the Ship | ( ) | Anna Chennault |
| 11. Eleven Kinds of Loneliness | ( ) | Peter Lind Hayes |
| 12. Twelve Against the Gods | ( ) | Richard Henry Dana |
| 13. The View from No. 13 People's Street | ( ) | Victor Hugo |
| 14. Seventeen | ( ) | A. E. W. Mason |
| 15. Mila 18 | ( ) | Paul Molloy |
| 16. Twenty Years After | ( ) | Booth Tarkington |
| 17. 25 Minutes from Broadway | ( ) | Luigi Pirandello |
| 18. Ninety-three | ( ) | Richard Yates |
| 19. A Thousand Springs | ( ) | Aline Mosby |
| 20. One Hundred Million Lives | ( ) | Norman Lewis |



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

## Shakespeareland

AS IF Stratford-upon-Avon were not going to be enough of a tourist attraction anyway, the 400th anniversary here offers two extraordinary features. The first is a presentation at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre (the new name of what used to be the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre) of Shakespeare's history plays, from *Richard II*, when Bolingbroke set a dangerous precedent by deposing a king, through five troublesome reigns ending with *Richard III*.

This seven-play cycle was begun last summer when the Royal Shakespeare Company tackled the thorny problem of presenting the almost never performed *Henry VI, Parts 1, 2, and 3*, in sequence with *Richard III*. The result, called "The War of the Roses," was a stunning achievement in realistic narrative theater. The almost incomprehensible maze of alliances, plots, counterplots, battles, and murders was made meaningful to the modern theatergoer as a vivid and realistic demonstration of how a whole generation of potentially noble people can find themselves poisoned by a general atmosphere of violence. This background threw *Richard III* into a much different position. For after watching the ruthless murder of Richard's child brother, his bloody behavior now seems just one more natural reaction of a human being to a cruel way of life.

This season the company has extended its story backward in much the same manner, continuing to use John Bury's elaborate but flexible settings to unify the total presentation. While it would take a much greater interest in history than most of us possess to attempt to follow the whole cycle from start to finish, exposure to any segment is rewarding. For each play is complete in itself, and the fact that it is being performed as part of a larger entity only makes the actions truer to life.

A case in point is the current season's *Henry IV, Parts 1 and 2*, with Hugh Griffith as Falstaff. Ordinarily we see these plays presented as picturesque theater pieces with a Dickensian Falstaff being very funny but so exaggerating the color of the character that we can hardly accept him as flesh and blood. But here we find a Falstaff who is a coward, a thief, and a parasite on society, and who both touches and amuses us with his attempts to stay out of debt, prison, and the grave. If Mr. Griffith doesn't get as much hilarity out of speeches like the one about honor

as some other Falstaffs we have seen, it may be because he is approaching the character more seriously than all the others. And so is this remarkable company, whose aim is to play Shakespeare not as the scholars feel it was played 400 years ago, or in a prettified poetic manner left over from the Victorian era, but as meaningful and genuine modern theater.

The second feature of the anniversary here is the Shakespeare Exhibition, which has been temporarily set up across the river from the theater. Richard Buckle has boldly stuffed it with inventive commissioned creations by modern artists that attempt to follow Shakespeare as he traveled from Stratford to pursue his career in London, and he has used many authentic Elizabethan paintings, books, and relics to give us a feeling for the time. Some of the commissioned work will strike many visitors as outrageously anachronistic and a little too much like a Coney Island funhouse. Yet there is one item in it that is marvelously effective and should be copied by all future theater exhibits. This is Alan Tagg's reconstruction of the Globe Theater, in which we stand as if in the gallery looking down at the stage. The stage itself is empty, but by means of Richard Pilbrow's beautiful lighting and projections and a few recorded selections from Shakespeare's plays, we are encouraged to visualize the performances. It is the essence of theater and in some ways a more perfect experience than watching a live performance.

—HENRY HEWES.



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# Books



LITERARY HORIZONS

## No Cross on Olympus

GORE VIDAL, who wrote *Williwaw* when he was nineteen and had written eight other books of fiction before he was thirty, has just published his first novel in ten years, *Julian* (Little, Brown, $6.95). In the meantime he has written successful plays, movies, and TV scripts, and a variety of reviews and miscellaneous essays.

His Julian is the fourth-century Roman emperor commonly called "Julian the Apostate." A nephew of Constantine, the first emperor to be converted to Christianity, Julian was brought up in isolation as a student of philosophy and as a pious Christian. The philosophy had more effect on him than the religious instruction, and when, by a series of coincidences, he mounted the imperial throne, he disestablished Christianity, proclaiming a regime of tolerance but at the same time giving preference to the old worship of the pagan gods. Philosophical enough to regard the Greek deities as manifestations of the One, he was at the same time abjectly superstitious. Both because of what he was and because of what he tried to do, he has interested many people; as Vidal remarks in a prefatorial note, "Julian has always been something of an underground hero in Europe."

Vidal has tried to tell Julian's story in a straightforward fashion. The greater part of the book is made up of what purports to be Julian's autobiography. The book, however, opens with a letter, written seventeen years after Julian's death, from Libanius to Priscus. Libanius, one of Julian's teachers, proposing to write a life of Julian, asks Priscus, also a teacher and a close companion, to send him the memoir of Julian he has kept secret. Priscus does so, and the two old friends and rivals comment from time to time on Julian's manuscript. Thus the account is put together, until towards the end, where we have Julian's brief notes on his Persian campaign, which are amplified by Priscus, who is left to tell the story of Julian's death—about which Vidal has an ingenious theory.

The account is carefully worked out. We see how Julian's education inclined him towards Hellenism, and there is a reasonably convincing description of the religious experience he has when he is initiated into Mithraism. On the other side we watch him develop from a man of thought into a man of action as power is thrust upon him. His battles in Gaul are well described, and the Persian campaign is made even more vivid. He feels himself being corrupted by his great power, but, though he sometimes surrenders to temptation, his regime seems, in its fourth-century setting, a model of moderation.

HAVING found some of the book instructive, some of it exciting, a good deal of it dull, I wonder why Vidal wrote it. Roman emperors have attracted many novelists in our time. One of the brilliant successes is Robert Graves's *I, Claudius*, with its sequel, *Claudius the God*. In dealing with the first century Graves seems to have an absolutely sure touch, while at the same time he makes Claudius a contemporary of ours. Claudius represents himself as a clown, and we end by happily acknowledging that he is a hero. Thornton Wilder in *The Ides of March* has gone even further in the direction of modernizing his hero, and if he never seems so thoroughly at home in ancient Rome as Graves does, he brings Julius to life. Margaret Yourcenar in *Memoirs of Hadrian* has done a kind of psychological-poetic portrait that seems a little fuzzy but has bright flashes of insight. Then, in a related field, there is Mary Renault, who has not only given breath to a mythical hero, Theseus, in *The King Must Die* and *The Bull from the Sea*, but has also, in *The Last of the Wine*, recreated Athens in the age of Socrates.

The first thing we ask of any historical novel is that it give us a sense of a time and a place. Vidal has a bibliography, not very impressive when compared with Miss Yourcenar's fifteen-


31 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Julian," by Gore Vidal

33 Waste: An Eye-Witness Report on Some Aspects of Waste in Western Sicily, by Danilo Dolci; The Honored Society: A Searching Look at the Mafia, by Norman Lewis

37 Pagan Rites in Judaism, by Theodor Reik

38 To an Early Grave, by Wallace Markfield. Leah, by Seymour Epstein

40 Every Man a Murderer, by Heimito von Doderer. The Land of Youth, by Richard Power. Get Home Free, by John Clellon Holmes

41 Eros Denied: Sex in Western Society, by Wayland Young

42 The Cart and the Horse, by Louis Kronenberger

43 The Second American Revolution, by H. Wentworth Eldredge. But Will It Sell?, by Marya Mannes

44 The Nation's Economic Objectives, edited by Edgar O. Edwards; Towards a World of Plenty?, by Barbara Ward; The Population Crisis and the Use of World Resources, edited by Stuart Mudd

46 Money to Grow On, by Stuart Chase. Angola and Mozambique, by Anders Ehnmark and Per Wästberg

47 On African Socialism, by Leopold Sedar Senghor

48 *SR*'s Checklist of the Week's New Books




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page note on sources, but enough to show that he has done his homework. If his feeling for life in the fourth century is not so remarkable as Graves's familiarity with the first, it is sufficient to create an illusion. Vidal is particularly effective in suggesting what life is like in an era of universal fear and suspicion.

As for the imperial hero, modern taste demands that he be not too heroic, not too much like a character out of Sir Walter Scott or Bulwer Lytton. As I have said, Graves humanizes Claudius by making him something of a fool and letting his more heroic qualities slowly emerge. Wilder shows us from the beginning that his Julius is a man of extraordinary gifts, but he has his weaknesses and is a long way from being godlike. Vidal's Julian is a very human mixture of good and bad, and on that score he is quite acceptable. He doesn't, however, really grasp the imagination. Looking at him simply as a character in a novel, one wonders whether he is worth writing about at such great length.

The book, naturally, dwells on the conflict between Hellenism and Christianity, and Vidal, who is not particularly inclined to favor the latter, presents with some skill Julian's arguments against it. The issues, however, never seem alive and pertinent. Vidal has said: "There is no doubt that if he had not been killed in Persia at thirty-three our world would be a different place today." But the novel doesn't make the reader feel this, doesn't give a sense that this Julian was the kind of man who changes history.

In his collection of essays, *Rocking the Boat* (*SR*, Aug. 4, 1962), Vidal discussed the decline of the novel and his decision to turn to television. In my review I humbly suggested that, instead of becoming a politician or a script writer or a commentator, he might "return to the writing of novels and try to do a little better than he has before without worrying too much about the mass audience." It now appears that at that very time he had a novel in hand, none other than *Julian*. He began it in 1959, and a couple of chapters appeared in 1962 in a paperback called *Three by Gore Vidal*. In a note in that book he says, "I interrupted work to write a play called *The Best Man*, and I have not yet been able to get back into Julian's skin." Shortly after writing this he must have felt that he had recovered his power to identify himself with his hero, for the novel was soon finished. It shows a most commendable industry, but it is not the novel I was hoping for. Perhaps I was wrong in suggesting that Vidal, whose life is so rich in possibilities, should settle upon a career as novelist. —Granville Hicks.

**The Author:** Who is the real Gore Vidal? The novelist? (Eight best-sellers.) The playwright? (Two major hits.) The TV dramatist? (Dozens of network shows.) The movie writer-producer? *(Ben Hur, The Best Man, Suddenly, Last Summer.)* The politician? As the grandson of the late Senator Thomas Gore, he attended his first Presidential convention at age fourteen, and has been a delegate to many since. Vidal ran for Congress from New York's fusty old 29th District and, although trounced, won more votes than any Democrat had in fifty years. Was all this activity simply an exercise in eclecticism or were there other motivations, we asked over a drink. (He took branch water: "I'm in training for a gastronome tour of France. It's hell on the liver.")

"The older I get," Vidal mused, "the more I find myself worrying about usefulness and relevancy in writing. Too, in this difficult age, each of us, artist or not, must have some sense not only of social purpose, but moral priority. I remember I once wrote that stylized despair is both luxurious and dangerous."

Neither liberal nor conservative, Vidal refers to himself as a "correctionist." "If," says he, "something is wrong in society, it must be fixed." Right now the priorities are population control and the civil rights struggle: "Even if we get a bill through, blood will be spilt . . . probably this summer."

Vidal, at thirty-eight, has come almost full circle from the days at Exeter when he was a "dedicated Anglophobe and isolationist"—an organizer of an anti-Bundles-for-Britain group, and an America Firster. ("It was the influence of my grandfather, with whom I went to live at ten. He was a Populist and profoundly isolationist. It was also partly due to the fact that in those years I ate Welch Fudge Bars. They were distributed by Big Bircher Welch himself. There was something in those fudge bars that was reactionary.") The late President Kennedy took up one of the themes in Vidal's 1960 Congressional campaign, which eventually led to creation of the Peace Corps. "I guess you could say I sort of invented the Peace Corps," Vidal said. On the delicate subject of the two Chinas, he favors admission of Mainland China into the U.N. and a plebiscite in Formosa.

Why did he feel qualified to run for office? "Because questions," Vidal replied, "are as important as answers. I lack many answers, but I think I know the right questions. Only by examining presuppositions can we approach any kind of truth. A novelist is expert at asking questions. If I'd been elected I'd like to have headed a Congressional investigation of what we mean when we speak of 'the free world.' "

Vidal was close to JFK ("He confided to me that he planned to crack heads and wreck the seniority system in Congress, but his narrow margin of victory held him back.") But brother Bobby, in Vidal's view, was cut from another cloth. "To Bobby," Vidal explained, "the world is black or white. Them and Us. Indeed, his view of men and actions seems to be a good deal closer to Goldwater than to his brother."

His cocker spaniel came nuzzling up. "Meet Blanche DuBois," Vidal said, "Joanne Woodward gave her to me. Joanne always wanted to play Blanche." We moved into the world of theater. Did he prefer playwriting, movie and TV scripting to the novel? "Not at all!" His decision to abandon the novel for a time and write dramas was based to a large degree on financial considerations.

He still prefers the novel. His first, *Williwaw*, was dashed off during his Army years (he enlisted at seventeen). At twenty-five he had seven to his credit. Because they were written at supersonic speed, Vidal is now reworking some of them, a self-imposed chore assumed by few if any contemporary novelists. "*The City and the Pillar*," Vidal said, "was my best seller and probably the worst written." It needed "putting into English." *The Judgment of Paris* has recently been honed, too. He is now thinking of polishing up *Messiah*. The others weren't worth reworking, Vidal thought. *Julian* was nine years in the making. Research took years. "I can't imagine it being popular," Vidal ventured.

With a Greek revival mansion on the edge of the Hudson (he takes a swim daily), royalties pouring in, and the knowledge that in politics it is "the artful dodger, rather than the true believer" who gets the prize, why doesn't Gore Vidal relax and assume the playboy role? (He looks the part.) He thought a while, and then recalled something he had written in a small book of essays. It was still totally relevant: "Even as one anticipates the final nightmare of our race, something in the blood says: No, not yet. Life will prevail somehow. To help life prevail one can write novels. TV dramas, critical essays, *and* run for office." The Vidal campaign train will probably roll again in 1966. If elected he will be the only novelist, he observed, ever to sit in the U.S. Congress. —Mary Kersey Harvey.



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# State of the Sicilian Civilian

—"*From The Honored Society.*"

Sicily—"a message of anguish."

***Waste: An Eye-Witness Report on Some Aspects of Waste in Western Sicily,*** *by Danilo Dolci, translated from the Italian by R. Munroe (Monthly Review Press. 352 pp. $6.75), and* ***The Honored Society: A Searching Look at the Mafia,*** *by Norman Lewis (Putnam. 318 pp. $5), chronicle the tragedy of a society scarred by fear, ignorance, and brutality. Gabriel Gersh has devoted many years to the study of Mediterranean history and politics.*

By GABRIEL GERSH

ITALY's postwar economic miracle has underscored the desperate plight of Sicily, and many people who associate the island with the Idylls of Theocritus, Mt. Etna, marvelous Greek and Roman monuments, and tourist hotels are now beginning to realize some of its stark realities. Behind the facade of Sicily's attractions lies a long history of feudal traditions, bitter violence, and unbelievable poverty. Despite the reforms initiated by the government, the island is pervaded by what Giuseppe di Lampedusa in *The Leopard* calls "the sense of death which even the frantic Sicilian light can never dispel." Sicily survives as a medieval anachronism in the European era of the Common Market, and these two books by Danilo Dolci and Norman Lewis, both marked by excellent reportage, devastating statistics, and moral indignation, chronicle the tragedy of a society scarred by centuries of fear, ignorance, and brutality.

Danilo Dolci's work in western Sicily as a social reformer is widely known, and *Waste,* the third and best of his surveys of Sicilian problems, sums up both his method and his diagnosis of Sicily's ills. He came to Sicily from Trieste in 1952, and was so appalled by the conditions of the poor that he decided to stay and help alleviate their suffering by making himself a nuisance to Italian officialdom. Mr. Dolci's program has been a mixture of agitation (for which he has twice gone to prison), examination of the real causes of Sicilian poverty, and a plea for resolute action. He has sometimes been accused of being an exhibitionist; others, including Aldous Huxley, have called him a saint. This book should correct the excesses, for it reveals his sheer competence. Its form is exactly what the subtitle says: "an eye-witness report on some aspects of waste in western Sicily."

Dolci divides the book into three sections: "Waste of Human Life," "Waste of Resources," and "In Search of a Common Meeting Ground." In the first two he reports, entirely in their own words and without any introductions, the personal histories of many Sicilians, among them sheperds, housewives, convicts, fishermen. Their vivid, heart-breaking yet often lyrical accounts all tell the same story of waste—waste of life by vendetta-murder and disease, of land and resources by ignorance and greed, of fish by dynamiting and poisoning, and, underlying all this, waste of spirit and initiative through superstition.

In the third section the author transcribes the recordings of meetings, held under his chairmanship, at which some of the peasants discuss such questions as: Is it wrong to kill? Men and women, how ought they to be? What does it mean to die? Unfortunately, this last and deeply moving exchange is still available verbatim only in the Italian edition. Even so, in these transcriptions we learn how the Sicilian poor confront their fate, and how they react to challenges to the values and traditions by which they have always lived. Out of this dialogue comes an understanding not only of poor Sicilians, but also of human nature itself.

If *Waste* probes the depths of Sicilian misery and despair with telling effect, Norman Lewis's *The Honored Society* adds a new dimension to our understanding of the Mafia and its impact on Sicilian life. The author, a novelist and travel writer who is particularly skilful at evoking the color and atmosphere of exotic places, demonstrates that, despite its Robin Hood-like beginnings, the Mafia is a ruthless criminal organization with a stranglehold on the island. It exacts tributes from landowners; it corrupts politicians, many of whom are beholden to it for their election; it engages in all kinds of shady activities, from the control of food markets and water supply to drugs and prostitution; it commits vicious crimes against those who defy its authority.

Nowhere do the highlights of the Mafia's history emerge more clearly than in Mr. Lewis's narrative. The author rightly believes that its darkest days belong to the era of Fascism, when Mussolini, blundering into action against it, jailed a few hundred small leaders and at least compelled the big bosses to leave Sicily. But a golden age of power and prestige followed with the Allied occupation of Sicily. Presenting themselves as devoted anti-Fascists, the "men of honor"—as the author often ironically refers to them—wormed their way into the good graces of the occupation authorities and were soon in business again. Their urgent task was the undermining of the new agrarian reform laws that gave land to the peasants, and this they accomplished with bloody efficiency.

*(Continued on page 62)*



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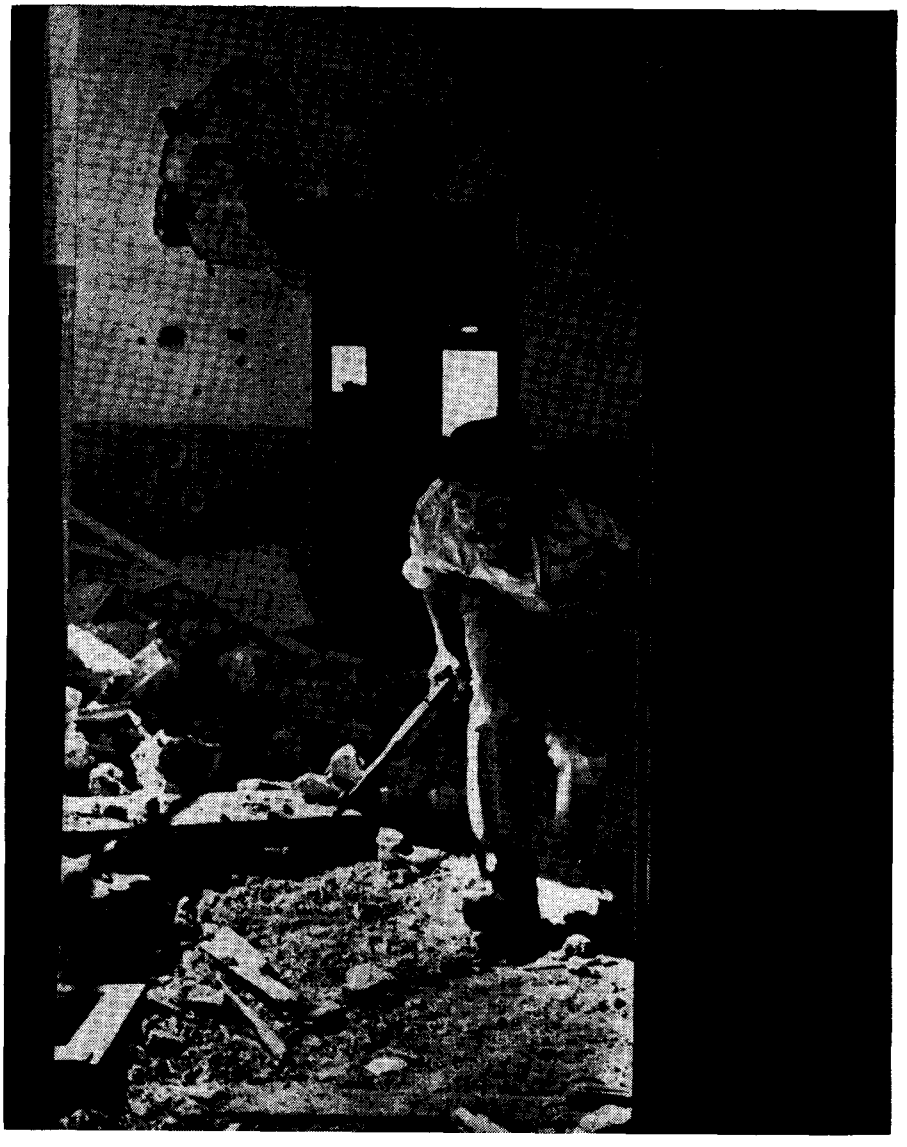
—*Ruth Orkin.*

Robert Capa.

# A WAR MEMORIAL

**Recording a personal vision in pictures, a combat photographer revealed the many faces of battle.**



**Israel**—Sniper, rifle, a home in ruins—unholy symbols in Holyland warfare.

By MARGARET R. WEISS

ROBERT CAPA's *Images of War* (Grossman, $15) could appropriately have been subtitled "In Memoriam." For it serves not only as a tenth-anniversary memorial to the young photojournalist who died while on assignment in Indo-China, but as a lasting reminder that war is the least gainful of man's occupations.

No one knew its wanton wastefulness better than Capa; no one recorded it at closer range. His camera was on active duty in the Spanish Civil War, in China, on the beachheads and battlefields of World War II, in Israel, and in Indo-China. From 1936 to that May day in 1954 when he was killed by a land mine in North Vietnam, he documented his personal polemic in pictures that revealed the mingled bravery, bravado, and boredom of men at the front, the terror and the tears that flowed through the ravaged villages in the wake of each campaign.

Capa sought truth and found it in the center of combat—the deadly truth of hate and destruction; the stark truth of bereaved families, the homeless, those humiliated by surrender; the strange truth of valor born of fear. All these were his "images of war," the photographic record of insights gained from staying close to the front lines. "If your pictures aren't good," he argued, "you aren't close enough."

Not even a quick, glossy Magyar wit and the relaxed bohemianism that was part of the Capa legend could mask his sympathy for human suffering, nor hide the intense loathing he felt for



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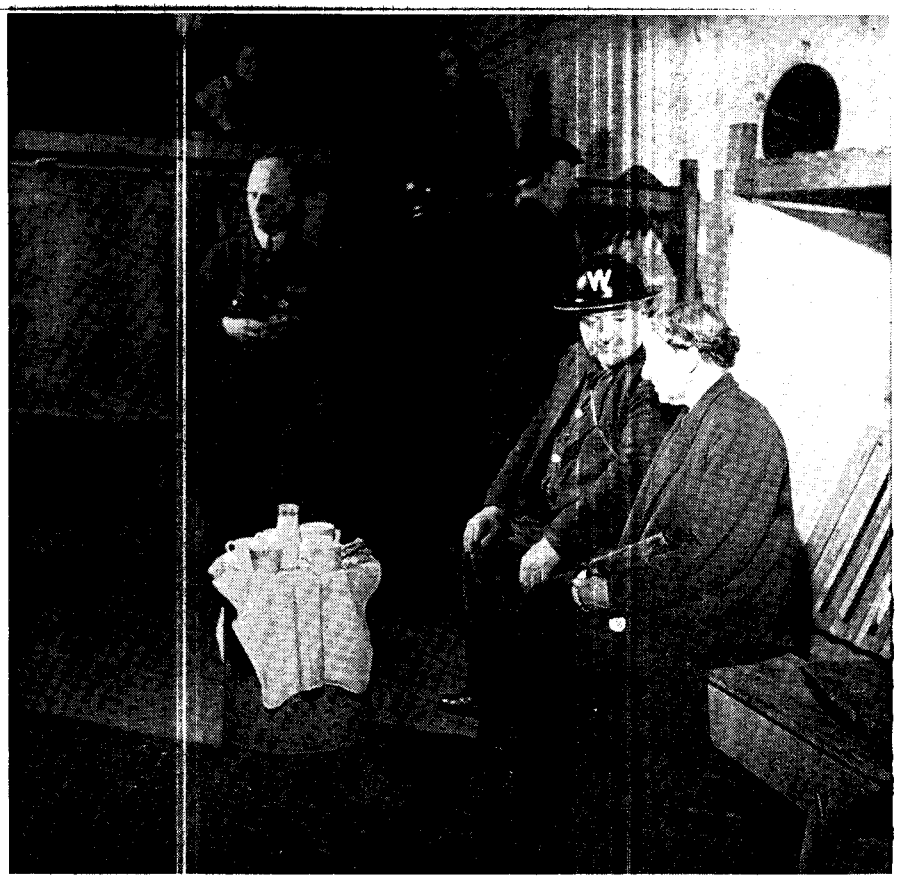


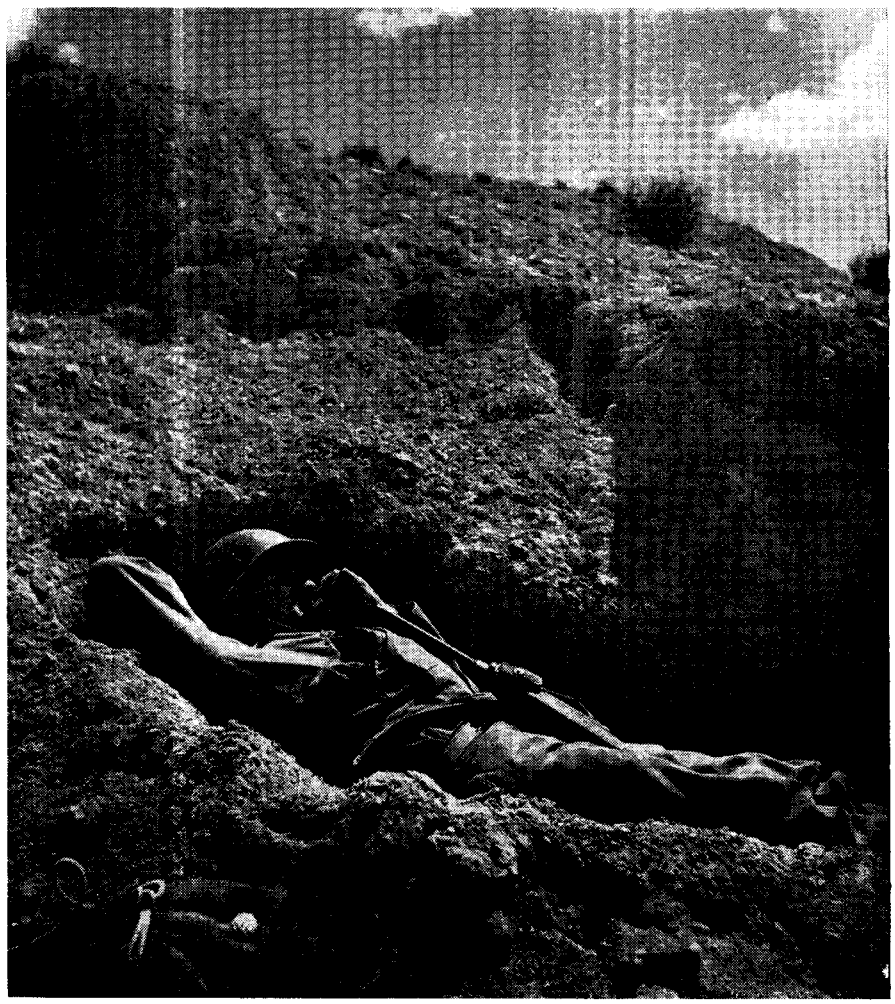
**England**—Refuge and a cup of tea in an air-raid shelter during the Blitz.

war's massive, meaningless toll. It was the need to communicate these feelings that orbited him to the scene of battle wherever a new area of conflict flared.

At the close of World War II, Capa confessed he was ready for permanent status as an "unemployed war photographer." But he maintained that status only long enough to establish with Cartier-Bresson and several other photojournalist friends an agency called Magnum Photos, the international cooperative that now includes twenty of the world's foremost photographers. He went to photograph the promise of peace and the building of a new nation in Israel, and remained to document still another war; a few years later his camera was on its final ominous assignment covering French combat troops in the Red River Delta of Indo-China.

In a foreword to the book, John Steinbeck says of his friend and co-worker: "Capa knew what to look for and what to do with it when he found it. He knew, for example, that you cannot photograph war because it is largely an emotion. But he did photograph that emotion by shooting beside it. He could show the horror of a whole people in the face of a child. His camera caught and held emotion."

We see this in the body of work preserved in *Images of War*. And we see, too, the universal face of war and the frightening vulnerability of the individual in a world of conflicting political faiths.



**North Africa**—On an El Guetar hilltop a GI relaxes between rounds of C-rations and German strafing.



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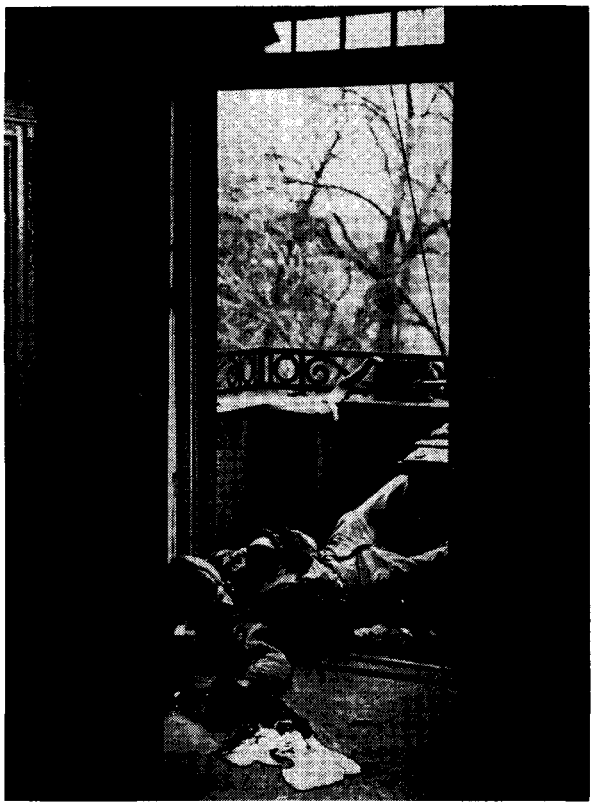
**Spain**—Only a family photo identifies the fleeing or the dead.

**Normandy Invasion**—"I decided to go in with Company E in the first wave. . . . " Of Capa's 106 invasion pictures, only this one and seven others survived a darkroom assistant's bungling.

**Germany**—"I had the picture of the last man to die. The last day, some of the best ones die."



**Indo-China**—A Vietnamese woman mourns—and another classic image reveals the universal face of war.



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# Totem in the Tephillin and Tallis

***Pagan Rites in Judaism**, by Theodor Reik (Farrar, Straus. 206 pp. $4.50), hears heathen echoes in contemporary Hebrew ritual. Seymour Siegel is assistant professor of theology and assistant dean of the Herbert H. Lehman Institute of Ethics at the Jewish Theological Seminary.*

By SEYMOUR SIEGEL

ACCORDING to the traditional count, Judaism has 613 commandments. To these many rituals and rites were added during Talmudic and post-Talmudic times. Even in the Middle Ages—especially in the works of Moses Maimonides—it was recognized that a number of these commandments antedated the Mosaic dispensation. The rituals of Judaism contained some that were revisions and even borrowings from ancient, primitive, pagan times. However, it was not the similarities to paganism that were deemed to be important; rather, it was the drastic revisions which adherence to the new, monotheistic faith demanded. Animal sacrifices, Maimonides taught, were brought by pagans. Jews adopted these rituals – but transformed them and purged them of their pagan elements.

In a series of volumes (this is the fifth) Theodor Reik proposes to use psychoanalytic hypotheses to illumine the origins of some of the rituals of Judaism. It is his contention that many of the rites observed by Jews are in reality palimpsests possessing remnants of ancient, pre-Mosaic pagan times. Armed with the knowledge of how the human psyche operates and aware of such mechanisms as displacement, regression, and repression, the psychoanalyst is uniquely qualified to read these palimpsests and to bring to the light of day that which centuries of piety, deliberate forgetting, or ignorance have hidden.

With this method he comes to some startling conclusions. In his opinion, the *sukkah*—the hut in which observant Jews eat their meals and even sleep during the autumn Feast of Tabernacles—has its prehistoric origin in the house of primitive tribes where young men were initiated into the mysteries of their ancestral heritage. This is plausible, according to Reik, because the hut has to be separated from the house, is used by men, and is decorated in a special way—qualities which the Men's Hut also had. The *kaddish*, recited by mourners during the synagogue service, is a throwback, he says, to the "strong ancestor worship" that the Jews adopted during the sojourn in Egypt —a form of worship, repressed by the Mosaic reform, which reappeared many centuries later and transformed an ancient prayer, which does not mention death, into a mourner's devotion. The custom of some Jews of putting pebbles on the graves of dead relatives is a "displacement," he writes, of the primitive custom of putting a "big block" before the entrance of the grave, thereby protecting the living survivors from the "envy and hostility" of the dead. The longest study is devoted to the *tallis* (prayer shawl) and *tephillin* (phylacteries) worn by devout Jews during their morning devotions. Dr. Reik believes that the *tephillin* (made from the skins of animals) and the *tallis* (made of wool) are related to the ancient bull totem of the Semitic tribes. These tribes killed the totem animal and dressed themselves in the hides of the slain beast in the belief that they thereby gained some of the potency inherent in the totem. This, asserts Dr. Reik, is why Jews wear *tallis* and *tephillin*. In the same fashion he analyzes such other customs and rituals as the regulations surrounding the menstruous woman, the sanctification of the new moon, and the priestly blessings.

DR. REIK possesses a vivid imagination. His conclusions, however, are by and large so speculative that they can hardly be taken seriously by students of religious phenomena—especially of Judaism.

It is a commonplace that the rites and rituals of a living religion cannot be adequately understood unless the investigator in some way participates personally in the life of the community that he studies. Dr. Reik relies on his childhood memories—especially those connected to his grandfather. This leads him to make serious errors, which call the whole enterprise into question. Thus, he relates that his grandfather once forbade him to enter a *sukkah*. From this incident—which happened many years ago—he mistakenly infers that it is forbidden for children to enter the *sukkah*. This leads him to the notion that the ceremonial hut is in some way related to the Men's Hut, which was barred to pre-pubescent boys. But children and women were never barred from the *sukkah*. It was not obligatory for them to be there. This is true of many rituals in Judaism —a far cry from saying that they were forbidden to be in the *sukkah*. The Talmud presents contrary evidence (even new-born children were brought into the *sukkah* by the great Talmudic sage Shammai). And any practicing Jew would know how prominent women and children are in the celebration of the festival. What probably happened was that Reik's grandfather did not want the boy to go into a hut belonging to some private family.

Putting pebbles on graves is a relatively modern ritual. It is not mentioned in the Talmud or in the codes, and seems to have grown up in Europe in the past several centuries. If this is a reappearance of a ritual that antedates Moses it is somewhat puzzling that it took so many millennia before it came to the surface.

IN another report the author recalls his grandfather ordering his grandmother to leave the table. Reik assumes that the reason for this was connected with taboos surrounding menstruous women. Whatever regulations Judaism ordains concerning women in this state, leaving the table is not one of them. These and other errors of fact and formulation merely illustrate the weakness of a method that is not controlled by rigorous scholarly attention to detail and proof.

Reik and his colleagues seem to hold that if the origin of some rite or ritual is shown to have pagan roots, the obligation to observe them will be undertaken only by the "naïve" believer. This is a grave error. It is not the origin of a custom or ritual that is wholly determinative but the meanings that have become attached to it in the course of the centuries. No one stops shaking hands because it was done originally to show the absence of weapons. The rites and commandments of Judaism are ways in which the believing Jew lives out his life in God's presence. It may be that he makes use of paths that have their genesis in foreign and strange places. But that is a minor consideration when they lead to the Throne of God.



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# A Nice Day for a Funeral

***To an Early Grave**, by Wallace Markfield (Simon & Schuster. 255 pp. $4.50), takes as its "semi-hero" a Jewish-American who belongs neither to the ghetto nor to suburbia. Charles Shapiro teaches English at Briarcliff College in New York State.*

By CHARLES SHAPIRO

JEWISH-AMERICAN novelists are, at present, producing a good deal more than their fair share of our best contemporary fiction; and nipping excitedly at their heels rush the predictable pack of critics gratuitously explaining this literary phenomenon for us in terms of sociology, psychology, and *hutzpuh*. Often the novel itself, the created work of art, gets lost in the endless discussion of minority groups in flux and fiction.

Younger J-A novelists, as these critics have more than once pointed out, confront their heritage from a distance, either glorifying the lives of their ancestors on the Lower East Sides all over America, rhapsodizing over a beauty and courage they never personally witnessed, or, at the other and more fashionable end of the spectrum, satirizing the vulgarities of a middle-class suburbia they have no desire to join. Wallace Markfield's novel immediately delights and surprises in that he has placed at the dead center of his wacky book an assortment of sad, incompetent Jewish intellectuals, men whose claims to integrity keep them from being residents of either yesterday's antediluvian ghetto or today's New Rochelle.

Morroe Rieff, the semi-hero of *To an Early Grave*, is recognizable as the familiar guy who is always at the periphery of any group, who tries too hard to be accepted, who is rejected, who fumes and broods, and who, inevitably, comes back for more of the same. "His large glasses shrank his eyes and, with his way of squinting—as though for him all things were in grey outline—gave him a bluff uncomprehending look."

Morroe learns of the death of a former friend from bohemian days, the proclaimed leader of a gang of faded writers and critics, a chap characterized as "a secondary talent of the highest order." Morroe, forgetting past slights, organizes an expedition to the funeral in Brooklyn. On the drive from Manhattan the assorted phonies reveal themselves, selfishness and pomposity abound, and Morroe returns home unchanged. Not exactly a Leopold Bloom, he has learned very little about himself during the sad day, but we have been able to see a good deal. And, in the process, we have had a joyous time.

For this curiously cruel book, featuring the antics of some potentially worthy men, is tremendously funny, salted with wisecracks that, believe it or not, actually work. The predictable platoon of Yiddish words are used and overused by the literary chatterboxes as their Volkswagen heads for the funeral parlor. Vanities are exposed:

> "There is a possibility . . ." Levine pressed his right side and blew a tormented breath," . . . well, a strong likelihood, that I shall be giving a popular culture course this fall. From 'Little Nemo' to Li'l Abner.' "
>
> A stir of unbelief went through Weiner.
>
> "Something wrong, Barn?" said Levine, with a sudden tightening of his lips. "You are, ah, perhaps, displeased, old sport?"
>
> "I? I?" Weiner said softly. "*Nahrisher kint!* Except . . . " He scratched behind one of Levine's ears. "Gaah, I don't know. Is that for you? Is it, like they say, your métier?"
>
> His color deepening, Levine answered, "My piece on John Ford has been twice anthologized. Twice!"

This is, quite possibly, partly a *roman à clef*; but since I no longer live in New York City I am unable to identify any of the characters. Which, after all, might be to my advantage. Periodicals mentioned in *To an Early Grave* include *Portent*, *The Naysayer*, *Second Thoughts*, and *The Mizrakh Monthly*. No mention of *The Friday Review*.

# After Gregg, a Lonely Dread

***Leah**, by Seymour Epstein (Little, Brown. 308 pp. $4.95), tells of a lonely, thirty-seven-year-old spinster trapped in a banal existence. Daniel Stern wrote "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die," among other books.*

By DANIEL STERN

TO FACE the fact squarely: the novel is the prime bourgeois art form. It has always provided the reader with that delicious sense of being at the center of the universe. In poetry, nature or the gods occasionally threaten to overwhelm us; in music we hear an exquisitely untranslatable abstract language; some of the finest painting of our time has eliminated the human form entirely. But, in the novel, man matters.

Of late we have been offered the anti-novel, the novel of "things." Yet, paradoxically, the portrayal of ineffectual—almost nonexistent—man, overcome by a dense, oblivious world of objects, becomes an author's inadvertent attempt to master the "thingness" of modern life. Often in spite of itself, the novel enters its plea on behalf of the human condition.

In *Leah*, his third novel, Seymour Epstein has portrayed with subtlety and grace that most difficult of all things: a human being who matters. And he has done it against all odds. He has chosen to tell the story of a typical (not ordinary) woman, a secretary, who has led a banal existence and who is caught on the edge of a chasm of terrifying loneliness.

But here banality is left behind. Epstein has managed to take a thirty-seven-year-old spinster, endow her with intelligence and wit, and then confront her with a despair as existentially profound as that experienced by many more self-dramatizing characters. Leah is an attractive woman and a strong one. All her life people have relied upon this strength. The parade is long and sad: a lover whose sanity proved hopelessly fragile; the boss whose business could not function without her; her estranged parents, who can communicate only via their daughter; a Negro co-worker who is tortured by jealousy of his wife. Their extravagant needs and Leah's simple ones (a man to love, children) clash again and again. Each encounter leaves Leah more deeply enmeshed in her loneliness. Isolation is, in fact, the theme. And it is presented so naturally that it is a while before one recognizes the artistry that is at work.

The events themselves all border on the cliché. Leah's boss offers her an

(*Continued on page* 40)



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—Seymour Linden (Simon & Schuster)

Wallace Markfield, author of "To an Early Grave."

Alfred A. Knopf.

Heimito von Doderer, author of "Every Man a Murderer."

# Novelists in the Book News

—Fred W. McDarrah.

—Kal Weyner.

(Above) Seymour Epstein, author of "Leah."

(Left) John Clellon Holmes, author of "Get Home Free."



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"arrangement"; a man she likes but doesn't love proposes marriage; a man she *could* love proves to be a hopeless task of reconstruction. All of these occurrences are artfully shaped into a sort of Everywoman tale of modern city life.

Yet, extraordinarily, Epstein escapes the traps implicit in his material. (Many a Paddy Chayefsky has failed where he succeeds.) Perhaps it is the humorous detachment, possessed by both Leah and the author, that saves the day. Make no mistake, the abyss that stretches beneath these lost Manhattanites is the same one explored by Beckett, Burroughs, and other specialists in contemporary despair. Only the specific terrain is more familiar here.

Epstein's achievement is somewhat marred by an overly neat linking of personality and action. A dangerously easy Freudian rationale seems to hover in the wings. But this is, in context, a minor flaw. Skirting sentiment, the author has made a fresh, unique human being out of universal materials.

# From Sherlock to Self

***Every Man a Murderer,*** *by Heimito von Doderer, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Knopf. 373 pp. $5.95), written more than a quarter-century ago, assumes the guise of a detective story to expose a larger reality than is apparent in everyday existence. Claude Hill is head of the German graduate program at Rutgers.*

By CLAUDE HILL

IT WAS the *London Times Literary Supplement* that discovered Heimito von Doderer for the Anglo-American world a few years ago. Although the newspaper's assessment ("the most formidable German-speaking novelist now living") seems questionable after the emergence of Günter Grass with *The Tin Drum*, there can be no doubt that the author of *The Demons* is one of the major figures in German literature today. Now close to seventy, Doderer did not gain serious critical acclaim until the end of the last war. Mostly influenced by Proust and indebted to Thomas Mann, Robert Musil, and Hermann Broch (all of whom he rejects), he stands in the tradition of the great European formalists of modern fiction. One of the most iconoclastic theorists of the novel in recent years, he is primarily concerned with the shrinkage of "real" reality in the contemporary world. If I interpret his rather diffuse notions correctly (expressed before a Paris audience in 1958), then the main task of the novelist is a kind of reconstitution of universality (à la Goethe) and reconquest of reality. Most men spend most of their conscious lives in a thin reality (jobs, traditions, classes, taboos) and, unless they break out of it, they will suffocate from lack of spiritual oxygen. They never actually live. It is the novelist who can make them aware of their hidden—and often lost—selves.

Since *Every Man a Murderer* is a minor book written twenty-six years ago, it might be argued that Doderer's theories do not apply to his earlier fiction. It seems to me, however, that they do. Other imponderables must be weighed, too, and it might very well be that the author found it politically expedient to operate behind the safe veil of a detective story in 1938. The hero, Conrad Castiletz, a young business executive, marries the daughter of his boss and, after learning that eight years previously his sister-in-law was found murdered with her jewelry missing, gradually becomes obsessed with solving the case. Since I do not wish to give away the plot, let me simply say that the solution turns out to be ingenious and convincing. It is not until page 348 that the murderer is named, although a retrospective check reveals that the decisive clue was given early in the book.

This brings me back to Doderer's theory of fiction as remembrance of things past (Proust). The death of Conrad's sister-in-law is only the triggering device that starts him on the road toward himself. At the end of the journey one of the characters sums it up for him: "You have traveled with unusual success upon that longest road which heals all evils . . . Those who follow this road to the end and win the wreath obtain possession of something granted only to an infinitesimally small number of persons: the knowledge of who they really are."

It should be obvious by now that this seemingly innocuous tale of mystery and suspense operates on two levels. My criticism is that the two levels are incongruous. Although basically logical, the surface plot is dependent on some minor improbabilities: Conrad instinctively—or accidentally—finds the exact spot where jewels had been thrown from a moving train in southern Germany eight years ago; a subway conductor who had once seen him for about an hour near Stuttgart recognizes him eight years later on the platform of a Berlin station. While these improbabilities are disturbing to the connoisseur of "regular" detective stories, the reader of "serious" novels is annoyed by many gaps he would like to have filled by the author: Conrad's relations with his parents, his two years away from home in a textile manufacturing town, his feelings toward his wife, to name only a few. The same imbalance prevails in the description of localities. Dostoevsky and Agatha Christie won't mix. It is Doderer's ponderous notions that get in the way of his considerable narrative skill, at least in this earlier novel.

**Stony Fields and Hearts:** *The Land of Youth* (Dial, $4.95) in this first novel by Richard Power is also a land reminiscent of J. M. Synge—the islands off the western coast of Ireland, where a lifetime among fields of stone give men hearts scarcely less hard. Here live fishing families, made distrustful of one another through their isolation from the mainland; dominated by ancient custom, they are at once envious of a changing world, yet reluctant to join it. The perfect locale for a native's return.

The native in this case is young Barbara Nora, back from three years in the States. She has not been home long when she falls in love with Padraig Mahony, the seminarian son of a widow who runs the local store and pub. For Barbara, Padraig abandons his vocation, but the affair breaks up when she goes to Dublin pregnant with another man's child. Padraig remains behind, eventually to take over the store and grow embittered. When Barbara returns, years later, to marry another man, the old memories settle like inflictions on both of them, for this is an unforgetting island, and an unforgiving one, too,

Mr. Powers's characters are well realized, and they are by no means apparitions out of Synge. Nevertheless, they suffer from a curious self-determination that everything shall come out wrong in the end. Trapped, they spend their lives settling old scores. Names such as Coilin, Mairead, and Sean give the book a properly Gaelic touch, and a little peat, poetry, politics, and poteen make it very, very Irish.

Yet it all seems as remote as Imishkeever itself—a story of doom viewed through a mass of black clouds. Sensitively told, if not particularly original in concept, *The Land of Youth* is a novel for those willing to take one more walk through the Celtic twilight.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

**Bedding and Boozing:** A young couple in a loft apartment, with mem-



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ories of the girl's dead lover hanging like stale smoke over the place and hints of his successor-once-removed insinuating like a serpent in Eden—this is the gambit which opens John Clellon Holmes's third novel *Get Home Free* (Dutton, $4.50). If the chess game that follows has been played before, the problem here is how to reach checkmate when it's mating you begin with?

Holmes's way is to write backward. The contents page starts with "New York: the End" and concludes with "New York: the Beginning," thus assuring us there will be a happy ending of sorts. In this case it's not what's up front, but what's in the middle, that counts.

May Delano, having been emancipated from Louisiana, has still to free herself from lively expectations raised by reading Wilhelm Reich. Dan Verger, having fled Connecticut, has not escaped the lure of *The Sun Also Rises*. No amount of bedding and boozing will exorcise such potent demons.

When you find you're living it up more and enjoying it less, the palliative of the contemporary novel seems to be a return to Marlboro country, to learn once more that you can't go home again, as though Thomas Wolfe had never written. Back in Louisiana, May finds her epiphany through pot likker and marijuana, in a night's orgy in a decaying Gothic house Faulkner might have held a lease on. With ants crawling between her bare toes she realizes "how desperate and beautiful is the urge in all living things to survive life"—a banality said to be vouchsafed "to all those who are exhausted by excess." Meanwhile, back at the ranch house in Connecticut, Dan consorts with the town drunk, Old Man Molineaux, who is a living exemplum to his protégé, much in the manner of the character of the same name in Hawthorne's short story. From his spiritual kinsman Dan learns that "you can't lose without having dared," for the old man also once intended to see more of the world than Connecticut, but he never got around to it because someone had to milk the cow. Since Dan is screwing up his courage for nothing more hazardous than a trip to Europe, the tuition he pays in hangovers seems steep for the lesson he has learned.

Despite the silliness at the center of this novel, there is much power on the periphery. Molineaux's drunken loquacity is so good that his mother at least must have come from Ireland. The evocation of place when May returns to the South is almost tactile in intensity. But such incidental richness suggests the uncomfortable tone of *Yankee Doodle* played with full orchestration. Mr. Holmes writes too well to make Tin Pan Alley novels. —CHARLES BOEWE.

# Evolution of an Instinct

***Eros Denied: Sex in Western Society,*** *by Wayland Young (Grove. 415 pp. $7.50), examines the censor inherent in the Judaeo-Christian tradition. Emile Capouya is an essayist and literary critic.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

DAVID CORT once published an article with the ironic title "Sex Happiness for Absolutely Everybody." The essay criticized the popular manuals that tell you how to make love, and began at the beginning by examining the assumption that a certain level of sexual satisfaction, defined by investigators in white coats, is or should be available to all. Put that way—and the manuals of sexual technique invite putting it that way—Mr. Cort had a point. The basic assumption of books of that kind is an instance of what Henry Adams called "the degradation of the democratic dogma."

But we need not be as clinical as the sex manuals, which bring to the bedroom the odor of hospital corridors. Take the Latin words out of Mr. Cort's title and we are left with plain "Happiness for Everybody." As an ideal, *that* naïve program was good enough for the authors of the Declaration of Independence, and it seems to me that to give up the attempt to realize the ideal in our lives would be worse than un-American – inhuman. Of course, inhumanity has been the custom of the race, always, but the ideal of happiness for everybody is brand-new and has not yet had a chance to show what it can do in the way of humanizing us. Another advantage of dropping the Latin, incidentally, is that the remaining words carry a modest suggestion that the body may have something to do with our happiness.

Wayland Young drops the Latin, as a matter of principle. His treatise on love in the Western world is an education for many reasons, but not least because of the cheerful insouciance with which he uses the banned English words throughout. Judging from my own experience of the book, once past the shock that education inflicts, the reader cannot help remarking how, in classic English, the discussion of men and women, and what they do and feel, gains in precision and generality both, and takes on an air of genial expansiveness that is in itself a step toward the ideal of honest pleasure for any and every body.

*Eros Denied* is an enormously ambitious book—a schematic history of sexual customs in the West, an anthology of the beauties and some of the horrors of erotic art and literature, a sociological and psychological investigation of present-day sexual mores, and a tract. A most effective tract, since it articulates our own best intuitions about love and

"How do you know you can't have fun if you've never tried?"



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love-making, treating the subject with an intensity that confirms the connection between love and religion. A century and a half ago, William Blake said:

What is it men in women do require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.
What is it women do in men require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.

The words were prophecy then, and they are prophecy still, representing a truth that we have not yet overtaken with our conduct. Nowadays they command intellectual assent on the part of most people who trouble to think on the subject, but the lines would not pierce us as they do if the ethos and the manners they imply were matters of course with us. Mr. Young might well have taken Blake's words as his text. His book is written in the same conviction that delighting in the body is more than delighting in the body—possibly more than delighting in the person, too. The poet M. L. Rosenthal says that a love-poem must be more than a love-letter. Eventually, love itself is a form of piety that goes beyond persons.

To get to that point, how many forced marches in the wrong direction, how many exacerbations of the ills of flesh and spirit. How untenderly we treat one another and ourselves. Mr. Young surveys the long history of that peculiarly ferocious Judaeo-Christian tradition of ours, which still burdens us with fear and hostility that begin at home and spread from there to the rest of mankind. In fact, *Eros Denied* takes as its theme the comprehensive mechanism of exclusion that outlaws thoughts, words, pictures, and persons, and, since it cannot destroy the impulse they represent, turns it into a spirit of malevolence to poison our lives. The censor in the mind, the scientific or jocular euphemism in the mouth, the depressing pornographic picture, the self-despising prostitute—these are the manifestations of the exclusion mechanism that Mr. Young traces through the history of our civilization. It is our luck that his sane temper and steady good humor are a mirror in which we can see the Gorgon's head without being blasted by it.

His scholarship revives for us, moreover, the classic moments of erotic art, poetry, or psychology that have been banned as dangerous and unsettling—for example, Aretino's sonnets to Giulio Romano's engravings, or Choderlos de Laclos's remarkable essays on the education of women. Learning, urbanity, and something boyishly generous and boyishly plucky animate *Eros Denied*. It is a wonderful book. With all that is ugly in it and all that is beautiful, it goes beyond the Greek proverbs "Know thyself" and "The unexamined life is not worth living" to embody the unsentimental reverence they imply.

# An Elegant Dig at Big-Think

Louis Kronenberger—with mild consternation but hope and charity.

***The Cart and the Horse,** by Louis Kronenberger (Knopf. 212 pp. $4.95), directs most of its attention to the present-day intellectual who "has been infected with the worst diseases of contemporary life." David Boroff frequently comments on contemporary manners and morals.*

By DAVID BOROFF

LOUIS KRONENBERGER has long been notable as a sane, cool voice upholding what is viable in our culture and deflating our cruder pretensions. Steeped in the eighteenth-century, he has paid it the highest compliment by becoming a kind of eighteenth-century man *redivivus*. Like his spiritual ancestors he has demonstrated the charms of cultivated sensibility, of reason, urbanity, and good will. And his style is the perfect instrument of his intentions: glitteringly aphoristic, beautifully proportioned, possessing the very qualities for which eighteenth-century prose is justly celebrated.

*The Cart and the Horse* is, in effect, a postscript to *Company Manners*, which Mr. Kronenberger published a decade ago. The new book is an exploration of American culture from the vantage point of a man who at sixty is not easily shocked but is quickly affronted, who is deeply concerned with taste but not at the expense of humanity, and who views contemporary life with mild consternation but never without hope or charity.

A man of sense, Mr. Kronenberger contemplates the topsy-turvy character of American life and blazes away at the obvious targets: status-mongering, our passion for the outsized, the obsolescence of our commodities as soon as we buy them, the general sleaziness of our culture. But his real ire is directed against the intellectuals. "If we have put the cart before the horse," he writes, "it applies not least to those of us who know better, who deal in ideas as well as in commodities." Mr. Kronenberger then argues that the intellectual has been infected with the worst diseases of contemporary life, has his own foolish status system, and is hopelessly addicted to giantism, which in academia is called "significance." "Only 'major' works have any standing," he asserts. "Literature today goes by bulk, by weight – top weight is the one-man show, the full-semester seminar in Melville or Yates . . . the effect is so standardized as to convey a sense of academic chain stores." The author then deplores some of the stylish excesses of the academy—the mandatory preoccupation, for example, with "complexity" and "anxiety." "Indeed," he points out, "where some ages have suffered from a too smug sense of assurance, ours has perhaps begun to suffer from too grandiose a sense of dislocation . . . The damned, to be sure, are far more fascinating than the soup-stained. But in life many are soup-stained and few are damned."

Nor is the intellectual outside the academy spared. Uneasy about the new alliance between culture and business, Mr. Kronenberger takes to task the new breed of "art-diluters" and "thought-tenderizers" who make their living in the mass media. He makes the suggestive point that "the exalted status that *ambivalence* enjoys as a concept in intellectual circles may be ironically, or quite realistically, reflected in how many highbrows now occupy ambivalent positions—run with the hares and hunt with the hounds." The hired guns of Madison Avenue, who are generally cultivated people, have a duplicitous


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relationship to American culture, "appreciating it after nightfall, adulterating it during the day." And the author is distressed by the substitution in this milieu of social morality for personal ethics—"a dog eat dog careerism that crusades for the underdog." The intellectuals do early, in a kind of "pay-as-you-go penance," what the Robber Barons almost a century ago did late in their lives.

When Mr. Kronenberger writes about the Twenties, we perceive his real touchstone. He can't help contrasting the buoyancy and rowdiness of those days—as well as the ennobling poverty—with the prudent careerism and contaminating affluence among writers today. And the great mark of failure is the decline of playfulness. "The old bohemian intellectual who had got into social and political movements, and sexual and personal messes, had too often given way to someone fussily, fastidiously literary, or laboriously, statistically sociological."

To be sure, *The Cart and the Horse* traverses a good deal of well-traveled territory. As Leslie Fiedler has pointed out, the analysis of mass culture itself threatens to become a branch of mass culture. And what academician—in between juicy foundation grants—has not deplored the debilitating prosperity of the new academia? One may also argue that Mr. Kronenberger is the prisoner of his own nostalgia for the Twenties, that he fails to see the benign forces released by contemporary life.

But we would do well to heed Louis Kronenberger even at the cost of repetition. Elegant but never pompous, witty but never malicious, graceful but never mannered, he is a delightful teacher.

# Tomorrow, Aristarchy

***The Second American Revolution: The Near Collapse of Traditional Democracy,*** *by H. Wentworth Eldredge (Morrow. 403 pp. $6.95) proposes that the republican system of government be scrapped in favor of élites better equipped by nature and acquired skills to handle the reins. James Real is co-author with Walter Millis of "The Abolition of War."*

By JAMES REAL

THE REPUBLIC is *in extremis*, according to H. Wentworth Eldredge. Fevered by the nibblings of the wily Soviet, blinded by the mindless avarice of *noblesse oblige*, belabored by the harsh ghosts of Nazism and Fascism, it waits, not hopefully, for "golden youth" to come riding on to save it. Even if by some miracle it is saved for now, its litany of morbid fears goes on. Its organic components are well-nigh unsalvagable. Its people, woefully uneducated, just don't give a damn. Its administrative leaders are beleaguered unscientific types beset by a moribund legislature, which is in turn overlayed by a supreme judiciary composed of "chance lawyers."

The prognosis is poor. And, says the author, we haven't much time to "mull it over." There is no hope that the masses can or want to be educated enough to be truly self-governing in time to avert or stay the multiple disasters awaiting them.

The solution, and the only solution, says Mr. Eldredge, is the recognition that, in the business of governance, "it's probably better for the majority to stay out; they are possibly only demagogue-bait. Only through a rigidly selected aristocracy of talent, highly intelligent, highly skilled, armed with a government designed on evolving managerial principles and taking full account of the great potentialities for good in the behavioral sciences, can the full, planned development of the human potentials of all individuals in a rich and varied society be reached." And we'd better get cracking.

In mounting his arguments for our abdication to the new aristocracy, Professor Eldredge calls the roll from the pharaohs to Harold Lasswell to establish that, for centuries, political thinkers have looked dimly on the common man's ability to govern himself, and that, now, the modern medical and social sciences prove how right they were. Science, with its counting machines and observation techniques, has made it clear that "any lingering nonsense about equality simply is recognizable as nonsense."

He goes on to delineate the horrors of "totalitaria" as practiced by the Nazis, the Italian Fascists, the Soviets, and the Chinese. These are our alternatives to depositing the affairs of the nation, quickly and without qualification in the expert hands of a "powerful executive branch—manned by the most able men in our society—that can get on with the job of survival and development without being ambushed and vetoed at every turn by congressional anachronisms and constitutional legalistics."

Proposals for handing off the democratic ordeal to "publics" (as the professor calls them) better equipped by nature and acquired skills to handle it are not new. Indeed, in the first part of the book, Eldredge rather tediously lists his historical allies. But it would be hard to remember a recent proposal—aside from the anchorless political diatribes of the really angry conservatives—that so relentlessly damns all contemporary democratic institutions and processes. The Founding Fathers are delineated as snobs who really didn't know what they were up to and didn't really mean what they said. We are thrice damned for trying to stretch their naïveté to cover the world of today, an intolerable mélange of purposeless events, venal leaders, tough-disciplined scientists, relentless machines, and "blobs" of vacant people-things, spewed over an aimless landscape.

The Congress is taken apart— but not put back together. The Supreme Court is castigated as the ultimate judicial tyranny, but no modifications are proposed. All state and municipal governments, after a lengthy recitation of their deficiencies, are summarily federalized and handed over to the benign, enlightened junta.

This is a bloodless revolution. No one is shot or goes to jail. Apparently everyone now "in charge" simply wanders off, cowed by the icy logic of the behaviorist backed by his principal ally, the ubiquitous computer. The only battles to be encountered ". . . need be with ingrained reactionary stupidity, ignorance, general lethargy, timidity and the vested interests of money and habit."

How the populace is to be convinced of its need for guardianship is unclear, as is any proposed method of surrender. Obviously, a referendum is hardly in order, since even the "blobs" might suspect that they were holding an election to end elections.

To the question "Who guards the guardians?" the answer is bland, clear, and forthright: the élite guards the élite, that's who. Because no one else is competent, they are to generate a sort of super-conscience which will qualify the gumshoe to watch himself. "Safeguards," the author asserts, "must be internalized by the élite."

There are numerous men and institutions engaged in the serious examination of the capacities and the limitations of the democratic processes to deal with the complexities and dangers of the contemporary world. Plans and suggestions are coming out of these works that demand the most urgent and serious consideration by the American people. *The Second American Revolution* is not one.

**The Dollar Society:** Although in its sharpness, candor, and intellectual vigor



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Marya Mannes's *But Will It Sell?* (Lippincott, $4.50) is similar to *More in Anger,* it is a vast improvement over the earlier book. The author has chosen specific targets for her wit and indignation so that few generalizations stand unsupported by fact. Moreover, cuteness for its own sake has been largely abandoned.

Still appalled by the almost religious reverence for capitalism that must be evidenced by anyone who does not wish his patriotism questioned, and skeptical about the universal applicability of business values, Miss Mannes scores magazines which allow their formats to be dominated by advertising, and "money thinkers" who feed an audience they do not know a self-image that is distorted and without social value.

Miss Mannes, however, is dealing here with a variety of problems. "The New Upper Class, the Kids" – on the dangers of youth worship – is counterbalanced by an essay that blames middle-class student vandalism on parental indifference and hypocrisy. In another chapter Miss Mannes assails critics who, lacking criteria of excellence, have failed to develop a language in which artistry can be measured. "The Lost Tribe of Television" deplores the cultural isolation caused by the intellectual's boycott of the means through which the average American gets his information and entertainment. "What's Wrong with Our Press?" takes American newspapers to task for twisting the news by omitting liberal viewpoints, for lazily assuming "the pious mantle of objectivity" rather than edit, and for printing syndicated material rather than go to the effort of training local talent.

The author is most effective when documenting her alarm over the growth of savagery in our society. In one of a pair of fine essays about senseless juvenile murders she dramatically contrasts the concern of the Korean victim's parents for the salvation of the killers' souls with its moral antithesis: a world where "the gun has become an extension of the American hand." And surely Miss Mannes's tense account of President Kennedy's assassination and its aftermath as she viewed them on television should be included in all future high school history texts.

In my opinion, only three of the selections are off base. Miss Mannes's defenses of sophistication and flirtation project an ideal man who closely resembles the rootless dilettante *Playboy* subscribers dream of becoming, while "The Confession of Mark Gutzler" dismisses as worthless nearly all the experimental techniques and "depressing subjects" that make contemporary fiction exciting. —W. S. TRACY.

# The Material Outlook for Mankind

***The Nation's Economic Objectives,*** *ed. by Edgar O. Edwards (Chicago. 167 pp. $4.95),* ***Towards a World of Plenty?,*** *by Barbara Ward (Toronto. 79 pp. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, $1.45), and* ***The Population Crisis and the Use of World Resources,*** *edited by Stuart Mudd (Indiana. 562 pp. $7.95), probe the possibilities of increasing for ourselves and extending to others the graces of the affluent way of life. Arthur E. Burns is professor of economics and dean of the Graduate Council at George Washington University.*

By ARTHUR E. BURNS

EIGHT of the country's front-rank economists separately and briefly glance at the past, examine the present, and reflect on the future in the essays that make up *The Nation's Economic Objectives,* a volume in the Rice University Semicentennial Series. On balance the result is unusually good and some of the essays rate better than that. National objectives stressed by one or more of these authorities include economic growth, full employment, economic stability, extension of welfare programs, international economic cooperation, and economic freedom. Any selection of economic objectives encounters the means-ends issue; in some instances here an objective is more properly a means to a larger end. But the reader can arrange the goals in whatever order he wishes; these essays provide a wealth of facts, ideas, and stimulation for that purpose.

In his essay, "Objectives of a Mature Society," Edward S. Mason looks to the emerging problems that would plague a growing, stable, full-employment United States in the decades ahead. The metropolitan mess, with its pollution, chaotic traffic and transport problems, delinquency, rootless families, inadequate recreational facilities, a growing dependent population, and changes in employment patterns, points to a vast increase in governmental responsibility for education, medical care, and recreational services. The Seymour E. Harris essay, "U.S. Welfare Programs and Policies," fills in the programmatic details. Mason tempts the reader with some reflective comments on the work vs. leisure question, which he defines as a choice between goods and leisure, not jobs and leisure.

Simon Kuznets's "Notes on the Pattern of U. S. Economic Growth" is the best brief presentation of the statistics of economic growth known to this reviewer. There are more than numbers here; Kuznets reflects on the significance of some puzzling patterns: output per worker in the U.S. grew at a record rate during 1950-60, although the rate of increase in GNP fell below the 120-year average; the growth in U.S. per capita product over the long run exceeds that of France, Germany, and England, but lags significantly behind Sweden. Economic growth and full employment are thoughtfully reviewed in the Arthur F. Burns essay, "Our Public Policy of Full Employment." Both economic efficiency and individual freedom are products of an acceptable level of unemployment. That some unemployment is "socially desirable" takes courage to say these days, and he says it. His analytically careful appraisal of the current controversy over unemployment —the deficiency of aggregate demand vs. structural maladjustments – merits wide reading. On balance he finds the deficiency position wanting. Lester V. Chandler's essay, "Economic Stability," inclines to the other view, in the broader context of both employment and GNP growth. Chandler is a Malthusian, in the second sense of that term.

The scene changes abruptly with Fritz Machlup's "International Economic Cooperation," a practice that he briefly traces back to the First Treaty between Rome and Carthage and the commercial treaty between Athens and the Satrap Orontes of Mysia. The Hanseatic League captures the honors for longevity, followed by the Central Commission for the Navigation of the Rhine. Machlup finds more than 1,700 international organizations presently at work; of these 170 (all listed) are intergovernmental. Over two-thirds of the total are instruments of economic cooperation, many of which exist because of national uncooperativeness in matters of trade and the movement of funds and people. While cooperative arrangements abound, Machlup finds the world not genuinely cooperative, except for the well-meaning and thankless generosity of the richer nations for the sake of the poorer ones.

Kenneth E. Boulding's "The Di-



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mensions of Economic Freedom" is a thoughtful, provocative essay. Power, law, and understanding are his dimensions of freedom, each with its constraints or boundaries. Perfect competition optimizes the boundary on economic action, impersonalizes the constraints, and minimizes conflicts. Monopoly changes the boundary of freedom for the worse. Of the three dimensions in his analysis, Boulding finds understanding the greatest; without it the others are in vain.

The final essay seems designed to irritate most readers. As Jacob Viner sees it, "The United States as a Welfare State" is a formless improvisation that ranges from near-statism to near-anarchy, existing in a complex and bewildering political environment which is essentially middle class. No one would think of inventing it with its massive inconsistencies. Most of the latter-day liberal planners will take umbrage at this. The Welfare State rejects both *laissez-faire* capitalism and nineteenth-century socialism. This will irritate both right and left. But Viner would not forsake the Welfare State. Imperfect as it is, he finds it superior to the known alternatives in preserving and enlarging human freedoms, achieving prosperity, extinguishing mass poverty, and recognizing the dignity of man.

This book is a bargain. The contributors are distinguished; their essays are informative, thoughtful, and literate. Perhaps one more essay should have been written—on the legal and institutional rigidities that slow down growth, add to unemployment, and impair efficiency. The present authors have little or nothing to say on this issue, which is vital to any discussion of objectives and policy.

Economic growth is also the central theme in Barbara Ward's Falconer Lectures, *Towards a World of Plenty?*, which traces two centuries or more of Western, and particularly British, growth in lecture I. The slow, small technical changes, the gradual accumulation of capital and the exploitation that made this possible, the growth of trade, the building of the infrastructure —all these and more set the stage for the Western take-off into economic growth. But behind the whole process Miss Ward finds three factors:

1. The gradual enfranchisement of the people politically;
2. The enfranchisement of the consumer to absorb the output of the great productive potential, the most dramatic instance being the postwar consumers' revolution in Europe;
3. The recent and gradual acceptance of government responsibility as seen in the French Plan and the U.S. Employment Act of 1946.

As usual, Barbara Ward's prose is lively and missionary. But the connection between political enfranchisement and economic growth is left up in the air: presumably political power gained for the masses an "incomes policy" from government and business, which somehow encouraged growth. The "enfranchisement" of the consumer is even less clear as a causative factor. Most families spend all or most of what they earn; this can sustain a growth rate, reduce it, or reverse it. Most investment is destined to serve consumption; investment creates the added income, and subsequent consumption validates the decisions. Increased consumption is a consequence of economic growth. The link between increased responsibility of government and economic growth is dubious indeed. As Kuznets has shown, the U.S. growth rate in the interventionist 1950s fell behind the long-run average and considerably below the rates of the 1870s, or 1897-1907. France with its Plan has no growth edge over West Germany; vast governmental responsibility and a comparatively poor growth rate are round together in Great Britain.

While in the critical mood a doctrinal point needs raising. It is certainly not true that "one of Ricardo's marginal utility nightmares" was a possible breakdown in food production. The marginal utility concept emerges fifty years after Ricardo's death. The author should have said diminishing returns, without injecting the nightmare notion.

Her second lecture comes through better as it traces the spread of colonial ventures through Asia and Africa. Considerations of prestige and world power mainly motivated colonialism, with economic advantage an important but secondary matter. It led to lopsided development and semi-modernization; colonies were the milk cows drained by Western powers. As she puts it ". . . for a hundred years we, the wealthy nations, have gone around the world picking and choosing and taking what we wanted and leaving very often the most disgraceful disarray behind us." But the colonial record is not all bad; indeed some of it was beneficial. The evaluation of colonialism is the best part of this book.

Her conclusion is familiar: the West has a moral responsibility to take care of its colonial consequences and repay the gains. Massive aid in the shape of capital transfers, surplus food disposal, teachers and technicians, and expanded trade is urgently needed on a coordinated basis. The population explosion and frustration of hopes shorten the time left for action.

This is the theme of *The Population Crisis and the Use of World Resources*, a potpourri of essays and reprints from forty-three authors, plus a number of resolutions on the subject. Economists, political scientists, sociologists, demographers, geographers, social workers, medical men, biologists, and political figures are among the contributors to this shapeless volume. The facts of population growth both world-wide and regional, and the disquieting projections, are set forth in the first half of this book. Another hundred pages dis-

"I'll tell you right now, he's not *my* 'favorite son.'"



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cuss aspects of the physiology of birth control; forty pages discouragingly assess action programs; and world resources account for the rest of this bulky volume. Certain of the articles are excellent, and something is said on virtually all aspects of the population problem. The array of facts is impressive. But the World Academy should not have given birth to one volume. Quadruplets of smaller size and sharper focus would have served its purpose better.

**Charging the National Economy:** "A nickel is only a nickel, but a good cigar is a smoke" has always been a sound principle of monetary theory. This is in essence what textbooks say about the nature of money, and there is not much quarrel about it. But you can always get a good argument about how to apply the principle to public policy. Away from textbooks, people get into the habit of thinking of money as the reality instead of the goods and services it commands; bookkeeping takes over from finance, and people start thinking that the national budget should obey the same rules as the family budget.

Exposing this kind of fallacy and explaining what really goes on are the things Stuart Chase does best. *Money to Grow On* (Harper & Row, $3.95) gives him the opportunity to maneuver again in this terrain that he loves. He has lost none of his skill over the decades.

The book not only explains money but analyzes economic growth, makes a vigorous statement of a broadly Keynesian position, recommends increased government investment, and urges that it be concentrated on improving education, cities, amenities, and welfare. Mr. Chase has always had a soft spot for formulas and agencies to solve hard problems. This time he calls for a Federal Agency for Economic Growth, which would calculate how much more money needs to flow through the national economy to get it to full potential and would then issue Growth Certificates to make up the difference.

Mr. Chase probably underestimates the difficulties of translating his increase in money into full employment without inflation (he would not mind a little inflation). He slides easily around the balance-of-payments problem. His certificates seem likely to do things to interest rates that are not altogether clear. He has also been a bit unfortunate in his timing, since last year's growth is beginning to look rather respectable.

But most of the problems he deals with will be around for quite a while. They are treated here by one of the century's best talents for popular economic writing.

WILLIAM DIEBOLD, JR.

# The Fault Lies in Lisbon

***Angola and Mozambique: The Case Against Portugal,*** *by Anders Ehnmark and Per Wästberg, translated from the Swedish by Paul Britten-Austin (Roy. 176 pp. $4.50), pictures the prevailing situation of the African territories under Salazar. A South African long interested in the politics of the Dark Continent, Edward Hickman Brown now writes in the United States.*

By EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN

I ONCE overheard two African schoolteachers in Johannesburg discussing the never-ending stream of dedicated and intense Swedish liberals who seem to be constantly paying lightning visits to South Africa, "Why are these extra-blond people from Northern Europe so concerned about us blacks?" asked the one. "Is it because when you're that white, you become the conscience of your ethnic group?" "I don't know about the conscience part," replied his chum, smiling. "But they certainly remind me of our own white professional liberals. They're just as long-suffering." Then he became more serious. "Perhaps when you're extra-special, super white like that, being white is no longer important."

That could be it. I've sometimes wondered, though, whether the Swedish obsession with boycotts and books relating to what they term "fascist Africa" isn't perhaps a recoiling reaction among this generation caused by the failure of the previous one to make any commitment whatever against the most inhuman fascist scourge the world has ever seen.

Having got that off my chest, I had better state clearly that these two books —they are separate, if similar, descriptions of conditions in the two Portuguese territories—generally do give a fairly accurate picture of the prevailing situation in Angola and Mozambique. What I found irritating, however, was the overwhelming one-sidedness of the authors' arguments and their political naïveté.

Mr. Ehnmark begins his section on Angola by describing the rebellion that took place there in 1961. From his vantage point just across the border in the Congo, he repeats the stories of the fleeing Angolan Africans—which hardly gives one confidence in the objectivity of this particular portion. His arguments against the hypocrisy of the Portuguese defense of the situation—their bland denial that either discrimination or forced labor takes place—is better. But there is a lot of heavy-handed repetition. The remainder is devoted to a short history of the territory and a seemingly overoptimistic appraisal of the possibilities of the rebel leaders.

The beginning of Per Wästberg's section is a joy. His is obviously a first-rate writing talent, and the description of his journey through Mozambique, from Umtali to Beira via the Gorongoza National Park—a trip I made myself two years ago—conjures up a vivid image of that richly vegetated land. But he soon becomes bogged down in almost identical arguments—and equally one-eyed ones—to those used by Ehnmark. He constantly equates the situation in Mozambique, an undeveloped land colonized for a mere forty years, where one person in a hundred is not an African, with the highly industrialized South Africa, which has had permanent whites for 300 years and has a racial ratio of roughly one in three. This is plainly ridiculous.

Both writers lose sight completely of the shortcomings and instability of the independent African states and the fact that in some of those they laud loudest the freedoms are equally curtailed. Neither seems to realize that the real crime of Portugal—as of all previous colonial powers in Africa, as well as of the South African regime—is its failure to prepare the Africans to share in the governing of the country. But then, neither seems to realize that the primary need of the Angolan and Mozambique Africans is for greater economic rights, rather than political. In spite of my own abhorrence of discrimination, per se, Uhuru coupled with an empty belly remains, for me, a dismal reality. And that is all that a Congo-type "free" country, with its implicit economic chaos, can lead to.



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# To Rule After Uhuru

***On African Socialism,** by Léopold Sédar Senghor, translated from the French by Mercer Cook (Praeger. 173 pp. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95), embodies the views of Senegal's president on the form of government most suited to the needs of the emerging nations. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer who specializes in African affairs.*

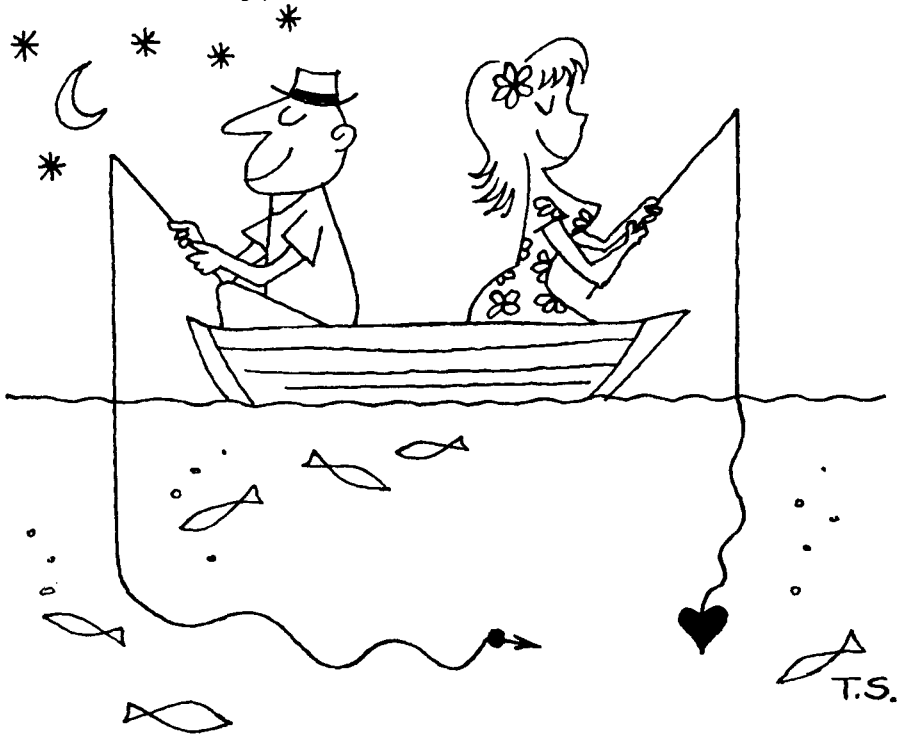
By CHARLES MILLER

THESE three essays by Léopold Sédar Senghor, president of the Republic of Senegal, embody his views on the form of government he believes best suited to the needs of Africa—or, at the very least, to that part of West Africa where his own leadership and influence are most strongly felt. In common with many high-level African office-holders, Senghor considers socialism to be the soundest political instrument, but any resemblance pretty much stops here, since he is a conspicuous moderate in a field composed largely of unyielding extremists. For this reason, "eclectic" may well be the operative word in describing his version of socialism. To be sure, his ideal body politic reposes substantial faith in the socialist principle of equal distribution of wealth, but it also contradicts doctrinaire socialist theories at almost every turn, and often incorporates, in convincing fashion, ideas ordinarily regarded as incompatible with—if not totally alien to—that concept of government. Written less in passion than with restraint and objectivity, Senghor's blueprint for a "universal panhumanism" is not so much a ringing manifesto as it is a scholarly analysis. As such, it should prove of immense value to serious students of contemporary African political thought.

Assessing its worth in the urgent context of present-day African realities is another matter entirely. The three dissertations were prepared for political meetings and seminars in the ill-fated Mali Federation and in Senghor's own Senegal, and a less likely forum for these exquisitely intellectual *tours de force* is hard to imagine—unless the audiences consisted exclusively of Sorbonne graduates seeking doctorates in political science. It so happens that Senghor is something of an African Renaissance man—statesman, scholar, teacher, and poet of extraordinary brilliance; even in the upper strata of French "mandarin" circles (where he is thoroughly at home) the scope of his erudition must be formidable. And it is this rather awesome egghead background that is reflected in the three essays, which wander happily about in a vast, tangled jungle of political science, history, economics, philosophy, metaphysics, natural physics, chemistry, biology, and what have you. The book positively bristles with references to and obscure passages from Marx, Engels, Hegel, Darwin, Mendel, Lamarck, Kierkegaard, Sartre, Teilhard, and innumerable other cerebral titans – to a point where even the most learned reader might marvel a bit at the ease with which the author carries off his name-dropping. Briefly, the body of Senghor's thought would make tough sledding in any college course; for the members of a political organization it must surely be incomprehensible.

On the other hand, perhaps not. It could be that French-speaking Africa's deservedly famed intellectual élite thrives on this sort of fare. But even assuming that to be the case, there remains the question of what purpose is served by such dazzling dialectical pyrotechnics in countries facing tasks that demand an attention, skill, energy, and dedication which simply cannot afford the luxury of being dissipated or even momentarily distracted. And this is precisely what Senghor's essays seem to do, at a time when (as he himself points out repeatedly) his own country's progress is all but hamstrung by grinding poverty, widespread disease, near-endemic illiteracy, and a venality in high places that shows little patience with theory and lofty ideals except when political expediency demands lip-service to them. It may not be irrelevant to ponder the immediate value of Senghor's treatises in the light of these conditions and, more specifically, against the background of two subsequent events in which Senghor's audiences participated: the collapse of the Mali Federation and the near-revolution in Senegal arising from a prolonged and bitter dispute between Senghor and his prime minister, Mamadou Dia.

Only a yahoo, of course, would deny that there is a valid need for the leaders of the world's emerging nations—particularly leaders with Senghor's remarkable gifts – to expound their political beliefs and clarify their long-range goals. But there is also a place for the expression of these views. If Senghor's dissertations had been delivered to students at, say, the University of Dakar, one might see them in a more meaningful perspective. However, considering the presumably grass-roots functions and character of the political audiences at whom the essays were directed, and also taking into account the harsh realities of all African politics today, it is difficult to resist quoting a comment from the book itself, where Senghor splits hairs with Lenin on an esoteric point and remarks: "He is dealing in metaphysics, if not dodging the problem."



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# SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

### *Archeology*

ANATOLIA BEFORE C. 4000 B.C. AND C. 2300-1750 B. C. By J. Mellaart. Cambridge Ancient History Fascicles, No. 20. $1.25.

ELAM AND WESTERN PERSIA, C. 1200-1000 B.C. By René Labat. Cambridge Ancient History Fascicles, No. 23. 75¢.

GREECE, CRETE, AND THE AEGEAN ISLANDS IN THE EARLY BRONZE AGE. By J. L. Caskey. Cambridge Ancient History Fascicles, No. 24. $1.25.

### *Business, Economics*

BLACK-MARKET MONEY: The Collapse of U.S. Military Currency Control in World War II. By Walter Rundell, Jr. Louisiana State. $4.

BRITISH EXPORT PERFORMANCE: A Comparative Study. By S. J. Wells. Cambridge. $8.50.

### *Crime, Suspense*

A HANK OF HAIR. By Charlotte Jay. Harper & Row. $3.50.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY. By John LeCarré. Walker. $5.95.

### *Current Affairs*

BLACK MAN'S AMERICA. By Simeon Booker. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

FEDERAL AID TO DEPRESSED AREAS: An Evaluation of the Area Redevelopment Administration. By Sar A. Levitan. Johns Hopkins. $6.95.

JUSTICE IN MOSCOW. By George Feifer. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

PIETY ALONG THE POTOMAC: Notes on Politics and Morals in the Fifties. By William Lee Miller. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

PRESSURE ON THE POTOMAC: How the Washington Lobbyists Squeeze Congress. By James Deakin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.75.

RUSSIA RE-EXAMINED: The Land, the People and How They Live. By William Mandel. Hill & Wang. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

### *Fiction*

THE BIG KNIVES. By Bruce Lancaster. Little, Brown. $5.95.

SEASONS OF THE HEART. By Margaret Abrams. *Houghton Mifflin.* $4.50.

THOSE HARPER WOMEN. By Stephen Birmingham. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

### *History*

THE SMALL BRAVE CITY-STATE: A History of Nembe-Brass in the Niger Delta. By Ebiegberi Joe Alagoa. Wisconsin Univ. Press. $5.

"You and your 'little detour to avoid the toll on the Alpine Tunnel'!"

### *Law*

THE LAW OF INTERNATIONAL WATERWAYS, with Particular Regard to Interoceanic Canals. By R. R. Baxter. Harvard. $10.

LOBBYING AND THE LAW. By Edgar Lane. California Univ. Press. $6.

### *Miscellany*

EMOTIONAL HEALTH IN THE WORLD OF WORK. By Harry Levinson. Harper & Row. $6.95.

GUIDING YOUR DAUGHTER TO CONFIDENT WOMANHOOD. By Goodrich S. Schauffler, M.D. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

NORMAL NEUROSIS. By Snell and Gail Putney. Harper & Row.

SAILING FOR AMERICA'S CUP. By Everett Morris. Harper & Row. $10.

### *Music*

HANDEL AT WORK. By John Tobin. St. Martin's. $9.50.

THE LANGUAGE OF MODERN MUSIC. By Donald Mitchell. St. Martin's. $4.95.

### *Personal History*

JOURNEY AMONG BRAVE MEN. By Dana Adams Schmidt. Little, Brown. $6.95.

THE REAL ROCKEFELLER. By Frank Gervasi. Atheneum. $5.

WITCHES' SABBATH. By Maurice Sachs. Stein & Day. $7.50.

### *Poetry*

MODERN RELIGIOUS POEMS. Edited by Jacob Trapp. Harper & Row. $4.95.

O TASTE AND SEE. By Denise Levertov. New Directions. Hardbound, $3. Paperback, $1.50.

### *Religion, Philosophy*

HOW THE CHURCH CAN MINISTER TO THE WORLD WITHOUT LOSING ITSELF. By Langdon Gilkey. Harper & Row. $3.75.

THE MATTER OF ZEN: A Brief Account of Zazen. By Paul Wienpahl. New York Univ. Press. $3.95.

MEETING WITH CHRIST: A Layman's Guide to Catholic Faith Today. By Dr. N. G. M. Van Doornik. Kenedy. $4.95.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND SENSE PERCEPTION: Historical and Critical Studies. By Maurice Mandelbaum. Johns Hopkins. $6.50.

THE SILENT PULPIT. By Edward Greif. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

### *Science*

ADDING A DIMENSION. By Isaac Asimov. Doubleday. $3.95.

SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE OF MANKIND. Edited by Hugo Boyko. Indiana Univ. Press (for the World Academy of Art and Science). $6.95.

### *Sociology*

GROUPS. By Georges Papy. St. Martin's. $8.

PRIVATE PRACTICE IN SOCIAL WORK. By Sidney Levenstein. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.75. —Compiled by RUTH BROWN.



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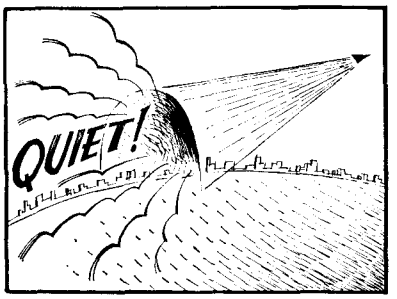


— Doug Anderson.

# SR / Research

## SCIENCE & HUMANITY

**DEPARTMENTS:** Research in America • Science in Journals • Research Frontier

**ARTICLE:** The Undersea History of America

**RESEARCH IN AMERICA**

## *THE ERA OF SUPERSONIC MORALITY*

JUST before this issue of *Saturday Review* went to press, the National Academy of Sciences accepted involvement in the design and construction of an airplane capable of flying 2,000 miles per hour. On invitation from the Federal Aviation Agency, which is responsible to President Lyndon B. Johnson for spending up to a billion dollars of the people's money to put the plane into the air, NAS agreed to "provide scientific and technical advice and assistance related to problems posed by the phenomenon of sonic boom."

Sonic boom is the unnerving thunderclap that reverberates through the air in the path of planes flying faster than the speed of sound. The swiftly moving ships compress the atmosphere around them and literally drag a cone of noise for miles behind them (see sketch, this page). The faster the plane travels, the greater the compression, and the louder the thunder.

Sonic boom was first produced during level flight of the rocket research plane, X-1, in 1947. Later, pilots of military jets found they could cause booms by diving steeply. At British air shows twelve years ago, booming was done deliberately to entertain the crowds. A United States pilot practicing reproduction of this novelty over a western air base dove at supersonic speed to within 8,000 feet of the ground before pulling up. The boom that followed broke windows in most of the buildings on the base, loosened door frames and cracked ceilings and floors.

The booming-for-fun period ended there. But sustained research of a serious nature did not ensue. Air Force experiments were sporadic, fragmentary, short-span. They established that any plane flying at supersonic speed below 40,000 feet (cruising altitude is 70,000 to 80,000 feet) will trail a loud and annoying boom behind it. Windows can be broken when the plane is below that altitude, and damage to buildings is expectable when the altitude is much less than 25,000 feet. But the possibility that movements of the atmosphere can focus and intensify the compressive effects, or that cumulative damage can build up through successive booms, has not been examined in depth. And exceedingly little is known with certainty about the range of variation in the effects of sound waves on the physiological and neurological systems of animals including man.

The published record of SST (short for supersonic transport) hearings conducted last October by the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Aviation includes a warning from the board of directors of the American Association of Airport Executives. This document says it "would be a serious mistake" not to try to develop a supersonic plane that boomed less than subsonic jets of the present day, for "the noise emanating from the present jets is in many areas not acceptable to the general public."

FAA has stipulated that its approval of an SST will be conditioned on public acceptance. Unfortunately, the method FAA has adopted to measure public acceptance is not reassuring.

To begin with, Oklahoma City was chosen as the original site for a test of reaction. About one in every four jobs in Oklahoma City is found either in an aircraft factory, or at the Tinker Field base of the U. S. Air Force (largest air materiel center on earth) or at FAA's own headquarters installation. In addition, FAA gave the city a grant of $877,000 to pave an unusually long runway at Will Rogers Airport, a gesture that could only heighten an impression spread by the local Chamber of Commerce—that Oklahoma City had been promised the country's first supersonic plane port. Tolerance of any nuisance due to plane flight therefore could be expected to exceed the national norm.

WITHOUT consulting, much less asking formal consent of, Oklahoma City's elected officials, Mayor Jack Wilkes and the eight-member City Council, FAA simply hired Air Force jets and jet pilots under contract to break the sound barrier across the heart of the city half a dozen times a day, beginning at 7 o'clock in the morning of February 3 and continuing on that same schedule every day for six months. The pilots were summoned to work with a vividly descriptive code call: BONGO!

On the second day of BONGO, claims of property damage began coming in. In the first week, there were 655 complaints. FAA spokesmen told newspaper reporters that "nervous people may have to rely on tranquilizers." Two angry citizens who refused to be tranquilized went to U. S. District Court and entered separate suits to enjoin FAA from continuing the BONGO experiment. Judge Stephen Chandler dismissed both actions on the ground that a Federal agency cannot be sued without its consent.

The complainants pointed out that the stated purpose of the sonic boom experiment was to obtain public reaction. Under the circumstances, they said, FAA surely would consent to hear cause.

But FAA did not volunteer its consent, and Judge Chandler's rejection stood.

After three weeks of the booming, protests within such influential groups



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as the League of Women Voters rose so audibly that the City Council voted, 7-0, to ask FAA to suspend the experiment for three months to allow certain questions regarding invasion of personal and property rights to be resolved. Mr. Gordon Bain, FAA Deputy Administrator in charge of the SST project, told a United Press reporter that if the Council should communicate this word to Washington the Oklahoma City test would be stopped. Not suspended—stopped permanently. Mr. Bain's remark immediately got back to Oklahoma City, of course, and the Chamber of Commerce there rallied support for "more and better booms." C. of C. Secretary Howard Weston complained publicly that the Council's implied criticism of FAA "could well cost us our future"—which was to say the promise of America's first supersonic airport. In response to this pressure from the merchants, the City Council met again next day in extraordinary session, voted again, and rescinded its action of the day before. As one Councilman explained to *SR*'s science editor by telephone: "We saw that it was not really within our competence to pass on scientific questions."

THE citizens who opposed BONGO were not so awed by science. Having been rejected in Federal Court by Judge Chandler, they turned to the Oklahoma State District Court. There Judge Boston W. Smith granted a temporary order restraining FAA Administrator Najeeb Halaby, Air Force Chief of Staff General Curtis Le May, and twenty lesser FAA and Air Force officers—as individuals and as agents of the government—from continuing the experiment.

Judge Smith issued his order on Tuesday, May 12, and the sonic booms ceased.

In Washington that day, an urgent telephone call was received by the National Academy of Sciences from FAA Administrator Halaby's office. An advisory panel of respected scientists was needed as soon as one could be assembled, the caller said.

Ordinarily, NAS is a most deliberate body. But in this instance the panel was named and its members were in Mr. Halaby's office by Thursday of that same week. In a few more days, the panel—composed of three engineers—was in Oklahoma City, engaged in what FAA officially described as "an objective review of the sonic boom study now under way."

"Beyond this initial . . . review," the FAA announcement said, NAS had "undertaken to . . . analyze all aspects of boom phenomena, and provide advice and guidance for future research and study." Questioned by *SR*'s science editor, a spokesman for NAS put in a cautionary reservation that "the scope and magnitude of the amplified study await further discussion."

In this connection, it is worth recalling what the late President John F. Kennedy's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, told the Senate Subcommittee on Aviation last October: "I don't know of any fundamental law of nature that says this [sonic boom] is inevitable. . . . At the moment no one knows how to do anything about it. . . . Sometimes on a problem of this sort it is not how many people [you have] and how much money you are spending but . . . [whether you have] a few of just the right people."

Here "just the right people" would be talented people whose sense of artistry in science sensitizes them to the human roots of their own gifts. Such people would feel first of all that the problem was worth solving.

However limited or extensive the NAS participation ultimately may be, the scientific community, as well as the general public, ought to remain aware that the onus of the SST project has been subtly shifted to NAS. The bugaboo science, having been successfully

used to frighten the Oklahoma City Council away from proper exercise of its political responsibility, will hardly be neglected the next time it seems useful.

It is to be hoped that the SST advisory panel of NAS will exorcise such mumbo-jumbo with a positive approach to the problem. Further sanction should be denied to the negative view of Air Force researchers who told *Daily Oklahoman* staff writer Claire Conley in Florida's Miami Beach: "for every cracked window" caused by sonic boom "you can point to 8,000 that are not cracked;" "people are more resilient than windows;" "*only 38 per cent*" of the residents of an unidentified town of 11,000 subjected to sonic boom by training planes of the Strategic Air Command "expressed annoyance;" and "eight to ten years from now basic human behavior will be motivated to accept these short blasts of noise."

The impartial ideal of science will have a hard time winning acceptance in Oklahoma City at this point. The opponents of sonic boom have resigned themselves to denial of a hearing of their cause. They now can see no way of stopping the booms before the end of the originally scheduled six months of the test. Court delays could easily be spread over the remaining weeks. Judge Smith's order of stoppage held for only one day, after which Judge Chandler removed the matter to Federal Court and quashed the temporary injunction. On May 21, without hearing argument, he dismissed the joint plea of nineteen complainants. By that time, a total of 5,655 damage claims had been filed with FAA.

EVEN if it were assumed that all the complaints were valid—that the seeing-eye dog of a sightless vendor at the capitol was too frightened to perform its customary guiding function, that human victims of heart disease and muscular spasm were detrimentally stimulated, that older people had suffered falls and other accidents, that a schoolroom ceiling lamp had dropped and knocked a boy out of class for an hour, that fire alarms had been set clanging in unison, that plate glass show windows in stores had been shattered, that plaster from a bedroom ceiling had cut a three-inch gash in a sleeping woman's head, that mirrors had been cracked, that walls and floors and brick facings of houses had been shaken loose, that wild birds had been driven from feeding stations in backyard gardens, that flocks of chickens had been crazed into erratic flight with considerable loss of egg yield and some loss of life—Judge Chandler said the only redress was to wait for processing of damage claims, only 132 of which have been paid to date: a total reimbursement of $7,239, compared to a single claim of $15,000 entered by a chicken grower.

Though SST was not a military project, the Judge ruled, there might be some future military benefit in it. Therefore, he declared, since the government had power to draft men to fight in battle it had analogous power to pre-empt both men and property for the sonic boom experiment.

If the people of Oklahoma City cannot obtain the help of the law to save themselves from being used as subjects of an experiment by a distant government, can any American citizen anywhere feel secure against invasion of his body and mind at any official's whim?

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.



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# SCIENCE: A TOOL OF CULTURE

EVER since C. P. Snow's 1959 Rede lecture at Cambridge on *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*, a great deal has been heard about the cultural role of the natural sciences. Why there was this sudden outbreak of discussion is a little difficult to understand; because, although everything that Snow said was relevant, none of it was very novel. At times, indeed, one is tempted to think that, if educators today would cease confusing contemporaneity with novelty, and if they would have the humility to spend twelve months carefully studying what was said and written on this subject in the nineteenth century, a great many man-hours of repetitive discussion would be saved and a fair number of inconclusive conferences seen to be superfluous.

Snow's dichotomy between "the scientist" and "the non-scientist" exists; but it is not the most fundamental distinction. Increasingly I feel that, if we must identify two cultural camps, they are those of scientists and creative artists on one hand, and purely verbal scholars on the other.

The scientist and the artist day by day explore the properties of the stuff of the universe. Both manipulate the materials of the world and discover what happens when they are subjected to various forces. Both seek for and create significant patterns in nature. For each the thing is primary and the word secondary. Neither can get far without the involvement of the whole personality—mind and muscle, sensuous response to sensual stimuli, persistence and experimentation, reason and imagination. Of course, they are both "base mechanics." Perhaps that is why, in our still essentially aristocratic civilization, both are sometimes looked down on by those cultural mandarins whose special studies need no implement dirtier than a sheet of paper and a fountain pen.

There is another feature of Snow's dichotomy which is perhaps significant. He spoke of "scientists" and "non-scientists." He did not speak of "literati" and "non-literati" or of "littérateurs" and "non-littérateurs." Now this is interesting, for the word "literati" has been in the language at least since 1621, while the word "scientist" was not invented by Whewell until 1840. Yet the newcomer has achieved such potency that it, rather than one of the much older words, is used as the verbal indicator of this cultural distinction. It is not merely that scientists are recognized as sharing a common culture, but also that this scientific culture is dimly seen to be in some way dominant and that others feel themselves deprived because they are largely excluded from it.

The fact is that the attitudes and the temper of science have become the attitudes and temper of the best part of modern culture. The whole of modern thought has become impregnated with science through and through. And, when Snow correctly commented that most non-scientists cannot describe the second law of thermodynamics, he overlooked the much more important fact that they probably think habitually in terms of a universe of flux, in terms of the transfer of energy, in terms of evolutionary processes, in terms of matter of such fantastic complexity that we have as yet barely begun to understand it. As architecture was the great imaginative triumph of one age, and music of another, and poetry of another, the greatest achievement both of the human intellect and of the human imagination during the past hundred years has been that of natural science. It is because science is a triumph of the imagination as well as of the intellect, a thing of beauty as well as of utility, that only the most confirmed of academic troglodytes have been able to escape its all-pervading radiation.

IF THIS dithyramb to the splendors of science seems remarkably remote from the science that one may have learned at school or the science teaching that may be familiar to all in our colleges and universities today, I am not at all surprised. For as yet we have scarcely begun to face the cultural implications of the fact that the scientific revolution has taken the world into its control. Pedagogues are still puzzling about whether they can manage to squeeze one more science period a week into the timetable, instead of asking themselves whether the whole shape and spirit of the school curriculum are not a century out of date. Professors of scientific subjects in our universities are demanding more and more knowledge of the content of science, instead of ensuring that their students become fired by the spirit of science as an adventure of inquiry.

Professors of literary subjects pay an oblique and dubious compliment to science by persuading their postgraduate pupils to waste a couple of years on desiccated little pieces of so-called research in which the techniques appropriate to microscopy or quantitative analysis are misapplied to the criticism of poetry. In the colleges of education where we are today training the teachers who will be at work in the schools when we enter the twenty-first century, all sorts of exciting and culturally valuable approaches to the pedagogy of science are being inhibited by a haunting fear that perhaps the professors will not approve, or by the tremulous hope that if only we take care to be academically respectable for another year or two there may fall on us a little of the magic dust which the universities seem specially licensed to dispense.

I HAVE pointed to the similarity in temper and in personal commitment of the working scientist and the working artist. But there are also important differences which, finally, render my dichotomy of the cultural field not much more satisfactory than Snow's.

In the first place, science is an essentially social activity in which exact communication is as important as exact observation. It is by providing repeated practice in this verbalized statement of what has been done that science teaching can most valuably foster in children that clarity and coherence of apprehension and expression which are the great distinction of the educated person.

Here, incidentally, I must register a strong protest at the manner in which scientific communications have largely abandoned the "close, naked, natural" use of language enjoined by the founders of the British Royal Society, and become clothed in obscure and complex "gobbledygook." I do not refer to the necessary use of specialized registers of technical terminology, but to an apparently compulsive use of the third-person passive, an almost universal phobia of illuminating imagery, an endemic tendency to verbal flatulence. This sort of pretentious pedantry, unfortunately, has filtered down from the research thesis to the undergraduate essay, and even to the eleven-year-old's laboratory notebook.

The better teachers of science already realize that no scientific teaching worthy of the name is possible except it be at every stage brought to the point of exact expression: and, of course, this



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means that science teaching should not only share the sensuous richness of the creative arts, but should also share the verbal finesse of the literary studies. We need to recapture that vision which Wordsworth had when he commented, in the preface to *Lyrical Ballads:* "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge: it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science."

Science, however, uses another very special language for much of its communication—the language of mathematics. This close connection between science and mathematics means that much of the latter can very well be learned as a handmaiden to the former, and for many children this is likely to be the best approach to mathematics teaching. Equally, of course, one must recognize that, for many people, mathematical incompetence closes the doors to certain fields of scientific understanding. The science teacher, therefore, should repeatedly remind himself that mathematics is a language, and that (within the limits of all translation processes) it can often be translated into English—and should, whenever possible, be so translated.

One often finds a regrettable tendency to assume that, because mathematics becomes more important in each science as that science advances, it is somehow superior in science teaching to require quantitative rather than qualitative observations. I would hold, on the contrary, that the quantitatively exact measurement of an essentially simple parameter presents a slighter challenge and provides less opportunity of mental enrichment than the qualitatively exact description of a complex process. Those of us who train science teachers, therefore, must withstand the temptation to acquire academic status by subordinating our science teaching to the frequently phoney decimal-dominated precision measurements.

Repeatedly I have heard of students, wishing to take science as a main study, yet being rejected solely because of mathematical deficiency. Have admission tutors, I wonder, any conception whatsoever of the need for science teachers, of the appalling magnitude of that need?

To give science the place in our schools (at every level from infant school upward) which it should have in the second half of the twentieth century, we shall need to ensure that every teacher, irrespective of main subject specialism, is scientifically educated. Yet intelligent young men and women are being denied admission to science courses in our universities and colleges of education because, despite what may be a genuine interest in science and a real appreciation of its spirit, they are deficient in techniques of mathematical manipulation.

Various committees seem to be visualizing a solution to the problem of supply of science teachers by means of an increased intake to the science facilities of vastly expanded universities. Unless the universities much modify their conception of what a scientific culture really is, they will neither succeed in recruiting a sufficient number satisfying their admission requirements nor make good science teachers of those whom they do recruit. Increasingly the training colleges are realizing that the future science teacher needs an education less paralyzed by parrot-memorizing of facts, more in touch with the history and philosophy of science, less concerned with teaching people about science and more with making them into men and women who habitually approach matters in a scientific manner.

If science provides a suitable instrument for the culture of the senses and the neuromuscular responses, of both the ratiocinative and the imaginative activities of the mind, of the skills and discriminations of our English tongue, and of the fascinating language of mathematics, has it anything to offer in the culture of esthetic sensitivity, of social understanding, of ethical excellence? I believe that it has.

Not, of course, where science teaching is still reminiscent of that preposterous pedagogue, Mr. M'Choakumchild, with his "inclined plane of little vessels . . . arranged in order ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim." Not where "nature study" is merely the unsystematic display of uninteresting facets of unimportant objects; not where "physics" is the repetitive performance of puerile experiments by pupils seeking high marks for the right results; not where "chemistry" is confused with the jackdaw-accumulation of unrelated pieces of information or where "biology" would be better described as necrology; not where "general science" is an unscientific *omnium gatherum* of general gadgetry. But a proper science education will bear on many of the living issues of the world today—on human evolution and the relations of the great ethnic groups of mankind, on public health and the great problems of population trends, on the productive potential of the great stretches of land and sea as yet effectively untapped.

It will encourage children to exclaim at the breath-taking beauty of the scales of the lepidopteran wing under the microscope; to look long and close at the bubbles intriguingly arising from zinc in acid; to experience the force of magnetic attraction by the actual muscular effort of moving powerful magnets.

It will at every point insist on veracity, which has been so well described as the heart of morality.

It will encourage a healthy skepticism of authority, including the authority of the teacher himself.

It will, by its own spirit, both encourage an awareness of the difficulty of many of the problems with which the world is faced and promote an attitude of determination and confidence in facing them.

It will also, if it does its job properly, pose those choices between scientific and semi-magical explanations of the phenomena of the universe which, in our mealy-mouthed generation, have become blurred by a sort of tacit agreement between many scientists and most theologians to use words in a "Humpty-Dumpty" fashion, with different meanings according to what the users happen to find convenient.

LET NO one delude himself that a scientific culture can be fostered without a heavy mortality among outmoded ideologies. "The cradle of every science," T. H. Huxley remarked, "is surrounded by dead theologians as that of Hercules was with strangled serpents"—and the corpses are not exclusively clerical. Among them are those of dogmatic turn of mind from every field of human activity, not least from science itself.

Walter de la Mare "saw sweet Poetry turn troubled eyes on shaggy Science nosing in the grass." Poetry need not be troubled by science, for a culture thoroughly impregnated by science will give the poet a vastly rich field of experience to transmute; but there are others who may well be troubled.

This brings us to another aspect of science as an instrument of culture. In this field of study you cannot, like that eminent Erehwonian, Dr. Downie, amass an enormous reputation for careful scholarship by resolutely refusing ever to express a definite opinion on anything. You may even have to admit, that, although you held the right opinion, you held it for the wrong reason or came to it by the wrong processes. "A man may be a heretic in the truth," Milton remarked in *Areopagitica,* "and if he believes things only because his



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pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy." The inevitability, in science, of sooner or later knocking your head against stubborn facts is one of its chief virtues as a center for today's culture.

Science is a tapestry of almost infinite richness, composed of innumerable interlacing strands, showing fascinating detail when examined close and significant patterns when seen large, in some lights a thing of high utility and in others of incredible beauty and almost of fantasy. If one wishes to foster the sensibility of children, to touch their imagination, to promote their esthetic potential, one need not study phenomena any different from those required to inform their understanding of themselves and their fellow creatures.

So far, it will be noticed that I have said nothing about the need for so many thousands of professional scientists and technologists, and very little about the need of the ordinary citizen for scientific and technical ability in the conduct of his daily life. This is because I believe both these hands to have been somewhat overplayed.

It is sometimes suggested that everyone must learn more science in order to operate efficiently in our highly technological society. If a person is going to use a complex machine, the argument runs, he must understand the scientific principles and technical modes of its working. This argument I find not at all persuasive, for the great mass of mankind can use these machines quite satisfactorily without understanding them. This is truer today than it used to be, for replacement rather than repair is rapidly becoming the norm. It is not for the efficient operation of complicated gadgets that a scientific education is necessary, but for the enrichment of the life which those gadgets are designed to serve.

We need many more working scientists and technologists; but that is not the main reason why science should become the cultural center of our whole system of education. As a matter of fact, you can perfectly well produce good scientists from intelligent young men and women who until the age of eighteen have learned very little in this field. Today, no Newton or Darwin or Huxley or Rutherford would ever get into a university faculty of science—and even many a training college would look dubiously at such candidates. The situation has become quite preposterous, and nothing that I have said should be taken as giving one scintilla of support to those who would force the grammar schools to convey an even greater content of science than they do today.

On the contrary, the only way we can teach science as it should be taught, and make it a powerful instrument of culture, is to give it twice as much time in our schools while throwing half its present content out on to the garbage heaps where it belongs. As Sir Richard Livingstone once wrote: "Overcrowding, in education as in housing, means ill-health, and turns the school into an intellectual slum." The time has come for a great slum-clearance program, and those whose special function is the training of teachers should be the organizers of the campaign. We must produce science teachers who, although they may have learned fewer of the facts of science than the possession of a traditional degree may denote, really and practically understand science as a mode of activity and a temper of thought, the understanding of which has given them the confidence to wander outside the comforting confines of technical terminology, to encourage spontaneity rather than to impose dogmatism, to admit ignorance cheerfully and then to set about correcting it with confidence.

The real reason why science must move right into the center of education is that, unless every citizen gains an understanding of science, society will become effectively controlled by a scientific hierarchy which could be as pernicious as every other all-powerful priesthood. The old verbocratic *élite* is just clinging to its last few moments of power, and the new technocratic *élite* is waiting in the wings. What we need is neither one cloistered *élite* nor the other, but a society in which everyone shares a common scientific culture and the divisions of power and function depend on decisions about ability and social desirability rather than on the accident of failure of cultural contact.

PEOPLE will ask whether the sort of scientific education which I have discussed does not lie far beyond the comprehension of the average child. It is noticeable, however, that many of those who seem to have the lowest opinion of the child's mental capacity in this context appear to have no qualms about asking it to cope with abstractions of the greatest complexity. Why the concept of gravity should be more difficult for a young child to comprehend than that of God, or the three cellular layers of the vertebrates be more puzzling than the three persons of the Holy Trinity, I do not profess to understand.

In any event, I am not asking for the presentation of abstractions—children already accept too many abstractions too docilely and mouth them too readily, in unconscious imitation of their elders. What I am urging is an education solidly based on exploration of the physical realities of the universe, from which certain abstractions will gradually be made. At every point, the important thing is that the abstractions be never allowed to achieve primacy over that from which they have been abstracted.

At the earliest ages, children's exploration of themselves and the world around them will be of such a nature that no line can be drawn between manipulating materials for purposes of scientific understanding and manipulation for purposes of artistic expression. Command of English will gradually be developed, as in the home it usually does develop, as a natural outcome of the need to communicate experience of the world. Concepts of numeration and of spatial relationships will emerge with increasing experience of the discreteness and of the continuity of the stuff of the world, and will gradually be refined as a means of mastering reality. The vision of greatness will be granted as often by reference to great scientists as by reference to politicians and poets. The personal qualities of honesty and courage and determination, of imagination and of humility, will be fostered not by moral precept but by their daily exercise as conditions of scientific progress.

An unlikely vision, one may feel, for a society wedded to verbalism, dominated by examinations, apparently determined at every educational level to spend more time and energy on measuring children's achievement than on fostering it. But there are one group of people who could make all this a reality, and they are those who train our teachers. Finally, therefore, it is to our colleges of education that I appeal: Recognize that the modern world is a world of science; and, whatever of traditional content and methods may have to go by the board, ensure that the schools are supplied with teachers who will make of science, not an ogre to be feared, but a fairy godmother whose wand will strike sparks of wonder from everything it touches.

—CYRIL BIBBY.

*Dr. Bibby is principal of Kingston Upon Hull Training College in Yorkshire, England. The text reproduced here is the substance of the first annual Guinness Award Lecture, published originally in the British Journal, "Nature."*



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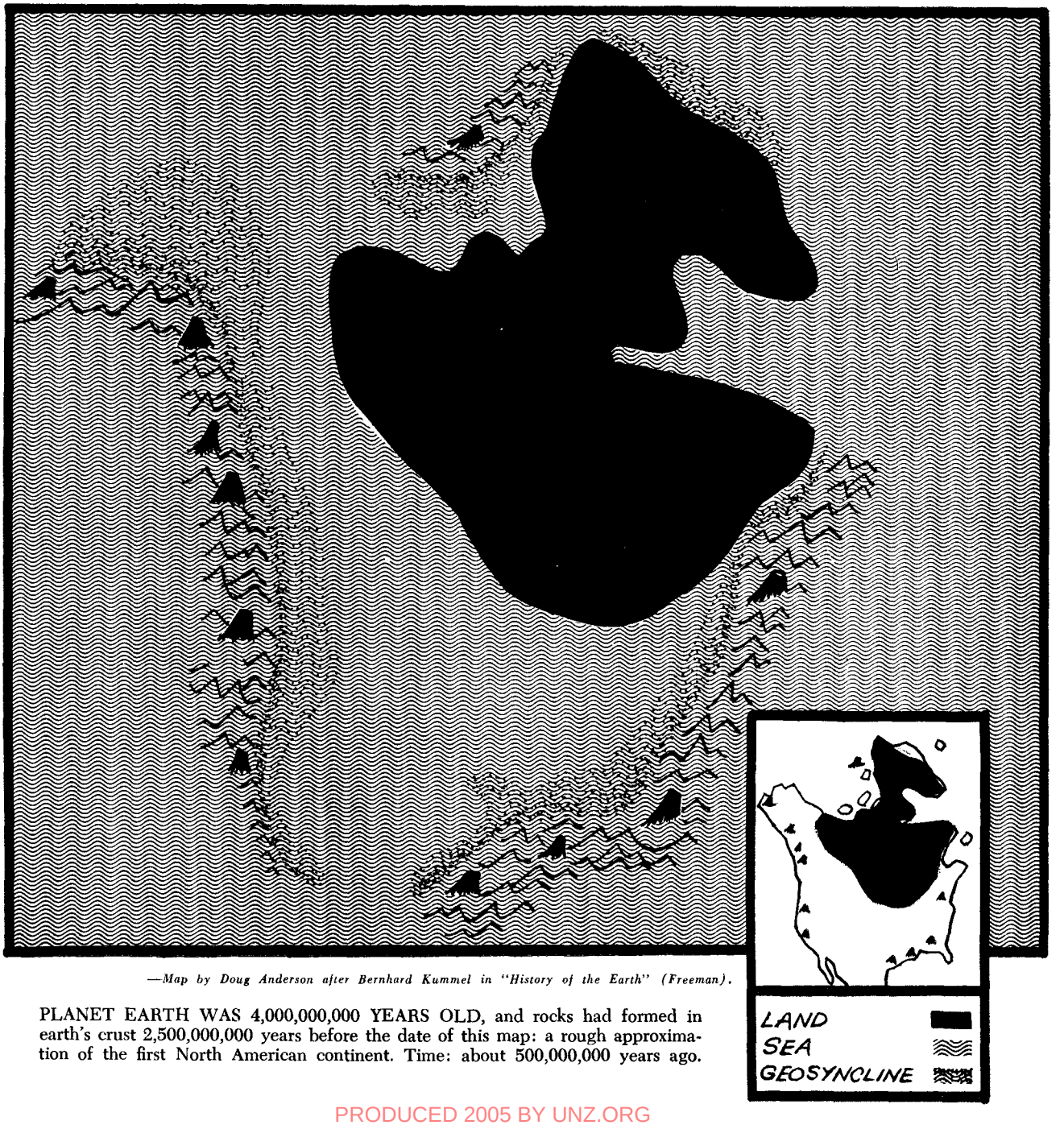
# THE UNDERSEA HISTORY OF AMERICA

By MALCOLM C. McKENNA,
*Assistant Curator of Fossil Vertebrates, American Museum of Natural History.*

THE idea that the sea once covered the land is an old one, probably going well back into antiquity. We first become aware of the idea in the writings of such men as Xenophanes of Colophon (?576-480 B.C.) and Herodotus (484-425 B.C.). In the time of Xenophanes, rocks from Malta were used as ship ballast, and fossil shark teeth—known then as "fossil tongues"—were found in these rocks. To account for the remains of marine animals on the dry land of Malta, and for seashells found on mountain heights elsewhere, Xenophanes reasoned that the sea must have invaded the land long before and later retreated. Herodotus applied the same reasoning to Egypt, but failed to carry the logic far enough to explain the nummulites (large fossil protozoans) in the limestone blocks of the pyramids; he thought the nummulites were merely the remains of food thrown out by the Pharoahs' workmen.

Readers of Plato are familiar with his treatment of catastrophic submergence of land in the "Timaeus," where the supposed sunken continent of Atlantis is discussed. What Aristotle had to say on the subject is somewhat conjectural because his book on minerals was lost, though a tenth-century Arab translation of rather doubtful authenticity has him believing in the former inland extent of the ocean.

Biblical and other ancient literature of the Middle East is dominated by a tradition of universal deluge. Character-




*—Map by Doug Anderson after Bernhard Kummel in "History of the Earth" (Freeman).*

PLANET EARTH WAS 4,000,000,000 YEARS OLD, and rocks had formed in earth's crust 2,500,000,000 years before the date of this map: a rough approximation of the first North American continent. Time: about 500,000,000 years ago.



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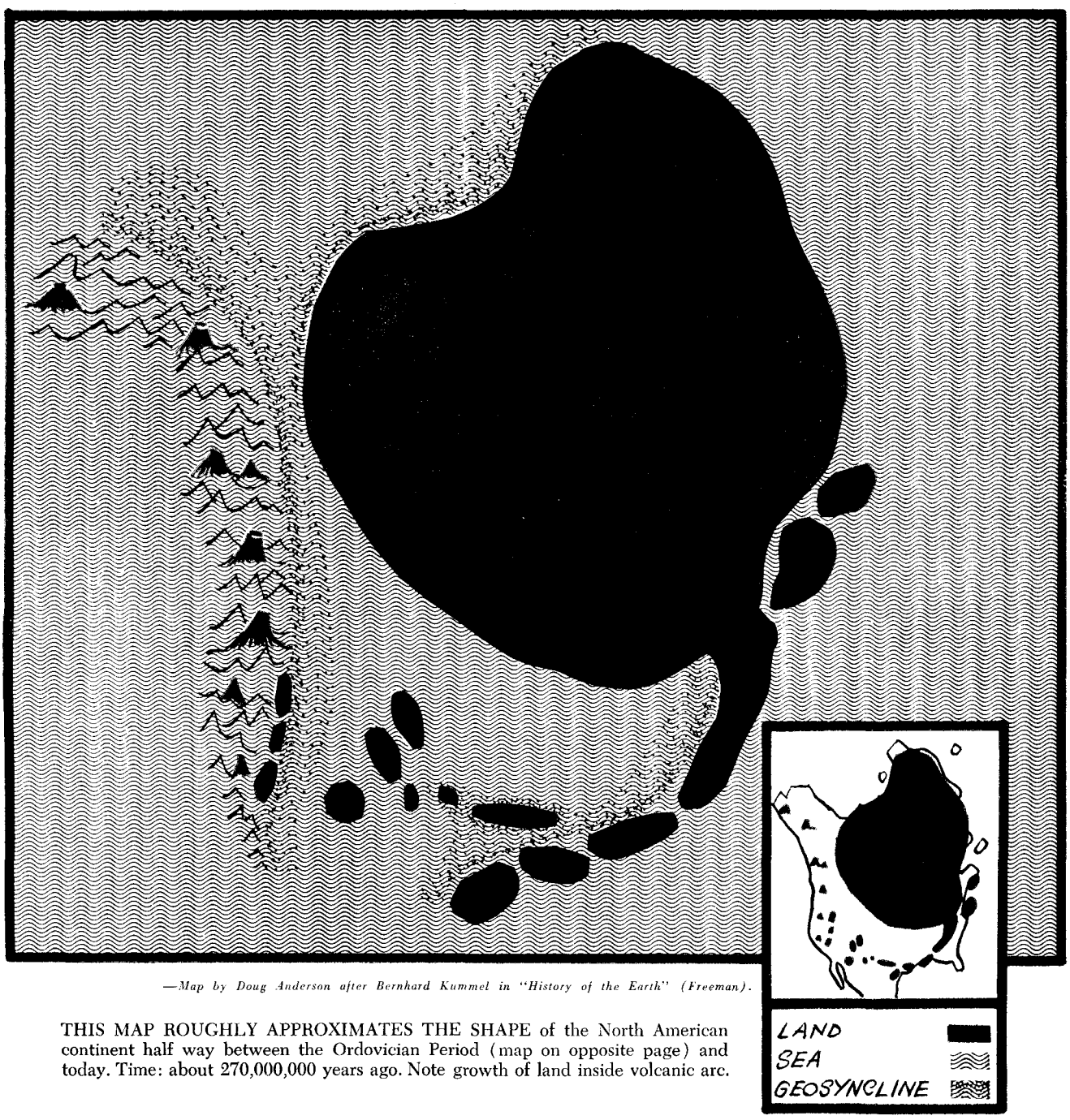
istic of this view is an extremely short time scale for the duration of our planet—measured in thousands rather than in billions of years. One flood during this period sufficed to explain all evidence of former seas on land. During the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, the argument even degenerated to a question of whether The Flood occurred in the spring of the year or in the autumn. It is interesting to compare the thinking habitual to this controversy with the work of Leonardo da Vinci, who demonstrated that the forty days assigned to The Flood of Biblical Noah were not enough time for oysters and cockles to travel from the Adriatic Sea to the Lombardy mountains where Leonardo discovered their shells.

Little by little, the excrescences of the Middle Ages were shaken off by the developing science of geology. As authoritarianism gave way to disciplined observation and description, ideas dormant for two millennia once more flourished while myths of The Flood retreated. By the end of the nineteenth century, only religious fundamentalists, occupied in what H. L. Mencken used to call "furious logic chopping," refused to accept the overwhelming evidence that not once but many times the seas have crossed where land lies now.

Because of a geological process that began a dozen or so million years ago, when the waters of the Colorado River system started to cut through its bed of rock in the southwestern United States, visitors to Arizona's Grand Canyon and to the Black Canyon of the Gunnison in Colorado can read in the exposed stone walls the record of repeated ebbings and flowings of the sea. The stumps of ancient mountains, faulted and folded, can be seen, and above them successive layers of sediment deposited under or on the margin of the water.

Where there are limestones, sea creatures once lived and died in quiet seas. Where there are red sands and clays, the sea had moved far away. Where the limestones reappear, the sea had returned far enough and long enough to deposit the fossils of aquatic life again.

On the plains of Kansas, the same quarter-inch thickness of limestone can be traced for hundreds of miles without




*—Map by Doug Anderson after Bernhard Kummel in "History of the Earth" (Freeman).*

THIS MAP ROUGHLY APPROXIMATES THE SHAPE of the North American continent half way between the Ordovician Period (map on opposite page) and today. Time: about 270,000,000 years ago. Note growth of land inside volcanic arc.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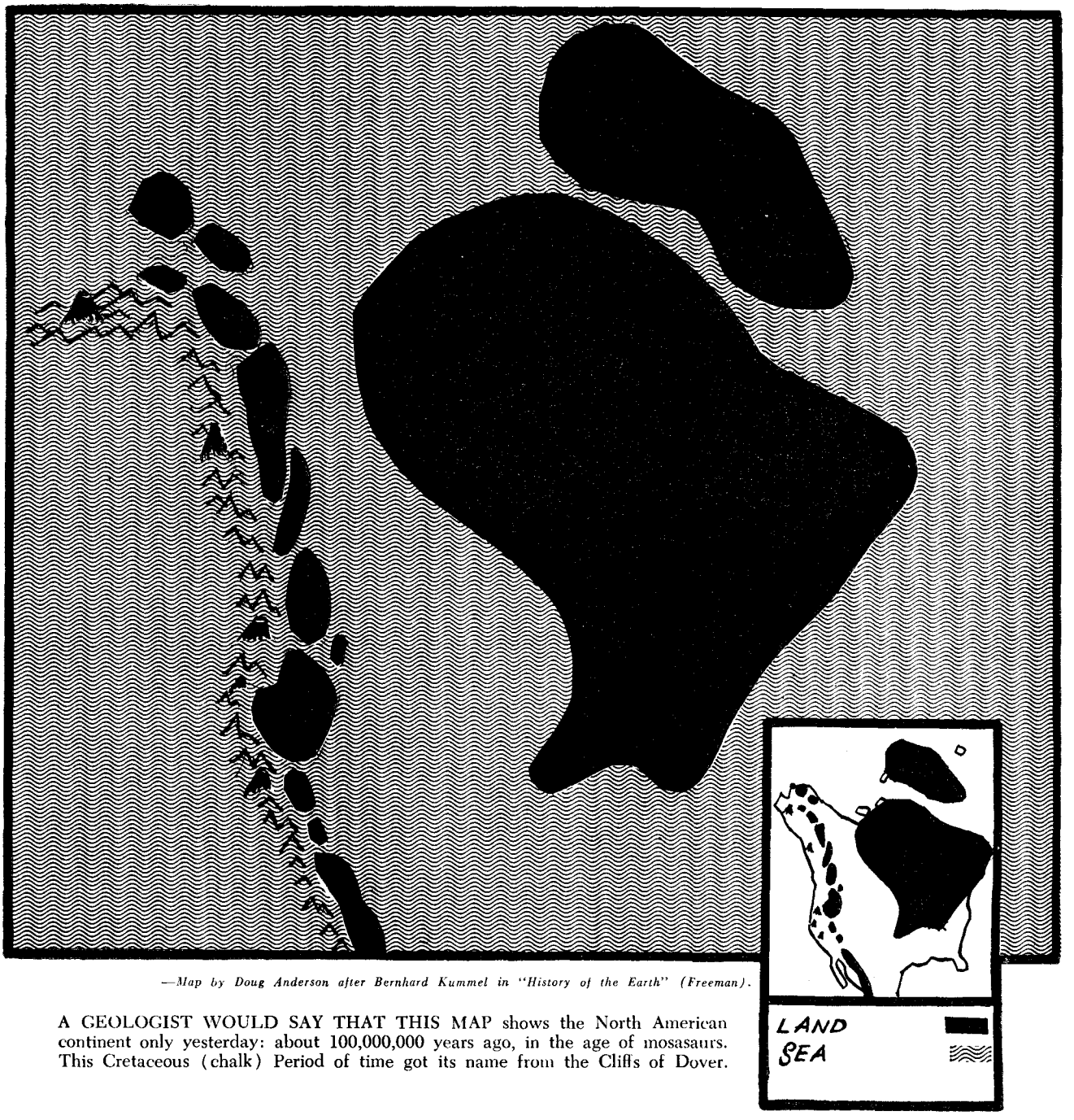


—Map by Doug Anderson after Bernhard Kummel in "History of the Earth" (Freeman).

A GEOLOGIST WOULD SAY THAT THIS MAP shows the North American continent only yesterday: about 100,000,000 years ago, in the age of mosasaurs. This Cretaceous (chalk) Period of time got its name from the Cliffs of Dover.

a break. Here is a clear sign that these flat lands once were covered by relatively shallow and undisturbed water: a sort of inland sea, connected with but not truly belonging to the deep ocean.

Just how far back the history of this western American waterway goes can only be guessed. Scientific estimates place the age of planet earth at about 4,500,000,000 years. The oldest rocks in earth's crust have been radioisotopically dated at about 3,000,000,000 years. Some of these very old rocks are along the Great Lakes, some almost as old are along the Pacific coast.

One of the liveliest arguments in science today has to do with the possibility of drifting continents. A currently popular theory holds that there once was only one continent, which split into parts, which went separate ways. If a single mother of all present continents did exist, where on the globe was it centered? Without knowing the answer to that question, we cannot suggest the northernmost limit of the original outline of what is now North America. For North America in the beginning may have been nothing more than a peninsula, as India is today. But whatever form the original American land mass had, we know it reached southward over the Great Plains; the sedimentary sequence tells us that that early land extended close to the present-day shores of the Mexican Gulf.

There were tremendous upheavals within the earth, caused perhaps by convection cells moved by the opposing forces of head and gravity. As these occurred, the ancient land mass rose and fell and rose again. The first clear picture we have of a separate American continent is in Ordovician time, a period named for a tribe that occupied a region in Wales where rocks characteristic of that period were first identified. This was 500,000,000 years ago, and a rough map of Ordovician North America (see page 54) is the first of a series of four maps presented in these pages of *Saturday Review*.

About 100,000,000 years earlier, the land had extended southwestward as far as Arizona. Since then, however, the sea had moved northeastward toward that part of Canada centered around

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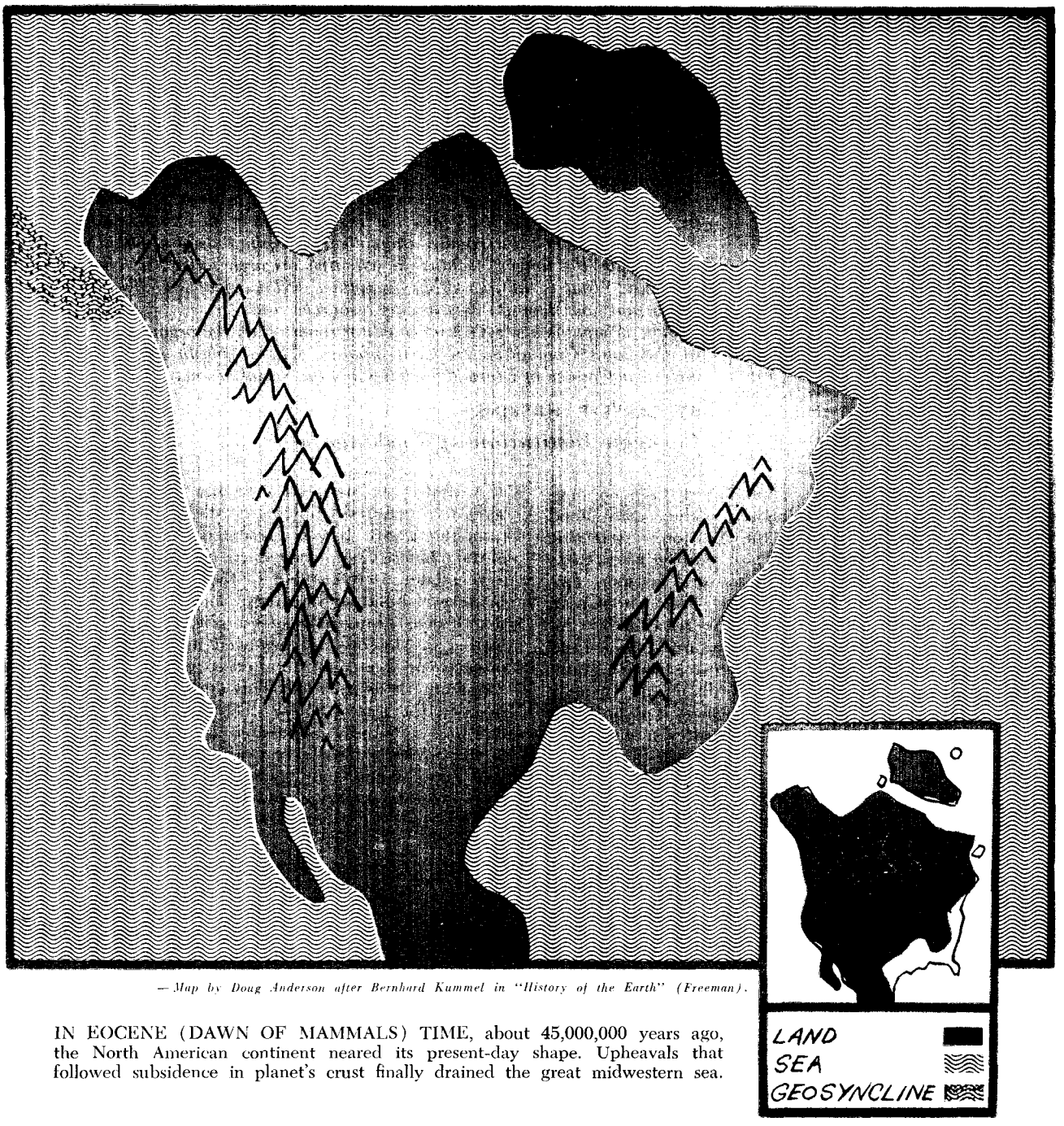


—Map by Doug Anderson after Bernhard Kummel in "History of the Earth" (Freeman).

IN EOCENE (DAWN OF MAMMALS) TIME, about 45,000,000 years ago, the North American continent neared its present-day shape. Upheavals that followed subsidence in planet's crust finally drained the great midwestern sea.

Hudson Bay. Most of the United States was under water, and marine muds containing relics of ancient sea life such as trilobites and graptolites were deposited by a shallow sea that connected the Arctic and Atlantic oceans on the west. Along what are now the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States, volcanoes were rising from the ocean floors and creating arcs of islands.

After that, the sea slowly retreated again until Pennsylvanian Time, named for the location of coal beds laid down at that period: 270,000,000 years ago. Vast areas in Colorado and nearby states were uplifted into archipelagoes of large islands (see map, page 55). Within the arc where volcanoes had been thrown up earlier to the east, a long peninsula now emerged, thrusting the Appalachian Mountains above the sea. On the westward side of this peninsula, swamps formed, and these in time became compressed into huge veins of coal.

Gradually, the withdrawal of the sea continued until about 180,000,000 years ago. But then the water returned and the land area again shrunk until, about 100,000,000 years ago, in the Cretaceous (chalk) period, the extent of marine deposition was nearly as great as it had been in Ordovician days. This "time of chalk" got its name from the cliffs carved at Dover and elsewhere along the English Channel in limey sediments made from the shells of tiny sea animals. The chalky remains of similar creatures were deposited in western Kansas, where giant sea lizards called mosasaurs hunted in the waters of the midwestern sea while Pterodactyls glided overhead. Meanwhile (see map opposite) the Appalachian Mountains in the east and another and higher chain of mountains more newly upthrown in the west from Alaska to Mexico were being eroded by the sun, wind and rain. Debris from them was washing down in the rivers to fill the inland sea.

Finally, as the land rose and the Rocky Mountains began to form at the end of the Cretaceous period (see map, this page), the inland sea broke in two in Alberta. The northern half of the sea retreated to the present shore of the Arctic Ocean, the southern half to the present shore of the Gulf Coast.


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# THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Carnegie Institution.

**WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?** *Infinitely slowly yet inevitably toward recognition that spread of knowledge can only be delayed—not suppressed—by military and political connivance. People who seek understanding of their environment will find it in time, regardless of isolation or opposition. Communist China has become a force in world affairs in spite of Western reluctance to recognize the collective aspirations of a billion personalities. As a result, the longest frontier in scientific research today stretches around the question: What is the incredibly disciplined following of Mao Tse-tung prepared to do, and how deep do its scientific resources run?*

*Several months ago SR's science editor reported on the organization and activity of the Joint Committee on Contemporary China, jointly administered by the American Council of Learned Societies and the Social Science Research Council and*

**BY CARYL P. HASKINS**

***Carnegie Institution of Washington***

UNLIKE the Soviet Union, China has virtually no long-established tradition of modern science. She stood almost completely outside the Newtonian scientific tradition until near the end of the last century. Even then, her contacts were of a far more limited and far more episodic kind than those of the Russia of Peter the Great. They were provided mainly by a relative handful of Chinese students trained abroad who had returned home, and by an even more limited influx of European scientific immigrants. In contrast with her long and brilliant and virtually unbroken tradition of technological advance, it is probably safe to say that China entered on the post war world devoid of any really rooted tradition derived from the original scientific revolution, with all that this implies of individual philosophy and social content. Except for a small—but probably influential—band of Western-trained scientists, largely working in some twenty-one research institutes of the Academia Sinica and the National Academy of Peking, there were few to comprehend, or even be aware of, the deeper implications of the scientific way when the Communists in 1949 took over half a continent. And in contrast to Soviet Russia, those who succeeded to power and have continued in it since can claim virtually no experience of science in their individual training or backgrounds, and are conspicuously alien to its subtler meanings. The slate, at the beginning, was indeed very nearly blank.

What was to be written on it, of course, was a ferociously keen special appreciation of the pragmatic values of a science applied to power, in the familiar pattern of much of Soviet official scientific philosophy and development. It was absolutely inevitable that the Communist Chinese should turn to the Soviets both for material help and, more lastingly, for philosophy and methods of organization of a state science. That turning produced consequences so decisive for the present and so significant for the future that it will be worthwhile to consider for a moment one or two facets of its history.

On January 25, 1956, Mao Tse-tung announced at a meeting of the State Supreme Council that there should be a "long-range plan for the elimination of backwardness in the economic, scientific, and cultural fields." Thereupon the State Council, at the direction of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, established a Planning Committee for Scientific Development, headed by Marshal Ch'en Yi, Vice Premier and a member of the Politburo. The Committee was charged with drawing up a Twelve Year Science Plan, to run from 1956 to 1967. It is a special tribute to the intense importance which the government by then had attached to scientific development that this plan was assigned so long a term, unrivaled outside agricultural fields.

A draft was prepared over the next seven months by some two hundred Chinese, assisted by seventeen scientists from the USSR. It was presented to the Eighth Congress of the Chinese Communist Party in September and endorsed a year later. It then went to the Soviet Union for review by several hundred scientists. Shortly thereafter a delegation of over a hundred Chinese scientists discussed the plan further in Moscow and reviewed its nearly seven hundred projects, in about one hundred of which Russian help and cooperation was solicited. This development seems to have signaled the final Chinese decision to expand their scientific base as rapidly as possible, and to do it quite literally in the Soviet pattern. There is evidence that in the single year 1955-56 the sums officially budgeted for scientific activity were increased sixfold, and by November 1957 over one hundred Soviet experts had come to work in Peking.

THOUGH this was the culmination of what may well prove to be a final determination of the shape of governmental organization in Chinese science, the roots of the philosophy and action and of the Soviet influence which guided it are to be found at the very beginning of Mao's regime. Immediately after 1949, exhaustive inquiries were made by the government of China into the structure of the USSR. Academy of Sciences and particularly into its role in organizing and controlling science as a state enterprise. On the basis of those inquiries an Academia Sinica was created, taking its name but not its structure from the earlier Chinese Academy. Its first President, Mo-Jo, immediately visited the Soviet Union.

It has been estimated that at that time there were perhaps ten thousand scientists in China holding academic degrees in the natural sciences, another ten thousand in agriculture, possibly twenty-five thousand in engineering, and some seven thousand in medicine and health. Of the approximately two hundred physical and natural scientists who in 1960 were members of the Department Committees of the Academy, nearly all were leaders in science or rising scientists prior to 1949. About one hundred and fifty of them are known to have received training abroad, some eighty in the United States, and the remainder mainly in Europe and Japan. The composition of this core around which domestic science was originally built and continues in considerable measure to operate is important to bear in mind. For, small and isolated as it was, it included among its members a high proportion with direct experience of the traditions of Newtonian science. And small though it was, and embedded in an alien philosophical environment, its general influence must surely have outweighed its numbers. How philosophically significant that influence was or pres-

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*supported financially by a $1,000,000 grant from the Ford Foundation plus lesser sums from the Carnegie Corporation and the Rockefeller Foundation. Since that report appeared, a book has been written by Dr. Caryl P. Haskins, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, one of the most conservative scientific establishments in America. Titled "The Scientific Revolution and World Politics," this volume was published late in May 1964 by Harper & Row for the Council on Foreign Relations. The text characterized the 1958 China tour of Professor J. Tuzo Wilson, Canadian geophysicist—who first described those travels in the pages of SR/Research—as the most illuminating window that had been opened toward the Orient in a decade. An excerpt from Dr. Haskins' own interpretation of affairs in modern China and their significance to humanity's future is reproduced on the opposite page, this page and the next.*

ently may be, or might become in the future, is a key question the answer to which, at present, is almost impossible to gauge.

From 1949 until 1956 the Academy functioned as the agency of government charged with official responsibility for the national administration of science. The 1957 reorganization, not wholly unreminiscent of the one which was to come somewhat later in the Soviet scene, brought an increasingly centralized control, and one focused higher in the governmental hierarchy. It was a control vested with broad and comprehensive responsibilities in the shaping of policy and equipped with very extensive powers to enforce its decisions. Operating on the "principle of subservience of scientific research to the requirements of the state," the Communist Party decreed that scientific research must henceforth be conducted entirely according to plan, and not in response to the personal interests of the scientists involved. In effect, this meant that scientific policy planning had become a prime responsibility of a committee of the Communist Party chaired by a member of the Central Committee of the party. In the Soviet Union, the similar order of centralization was at least mitigated by the fact already noted that a considerable proportion of the power elite in the state, whatever their scientific philosophy, had at any rate come from earlier backgrounds which included scientific or technical training. In China, as we have noticed, this was not true. Senior scientists typically had little or no association with party officials and little voice in the shaping of policy.

ONE purpose of this move was evidently directed precisely to the Soviet pattern of centralizing the control of science and its associated technology as a power asset for the state. But another motive, related and yet somewhat different, was undoubtedly the personal control of the scientists themselves, whose tendencies toward freedom of thought and expression were almost certainly considered to represent a significant danger to the government. This tribute to the influence of even a minuscule core of Western-oriented scientific tradition is worth bearing in mind.

It appears that most of the scientific research in China at present, outside of the universities, is conducted within the Academy. It has grown greatly, and essentially in the Soviet pattern of organization. Research institutes in specific subjects proliferated more than fivefold over the six years to 1958, with the total staff listed for that year standing at almost thirty thousand, including about six thousand actively engaged in research. It is, of course, extremely difficult to judge the caliber of all the work in these institutes. Such a judgment, in fact, may not be particularly important. Undoubtedly the research is spotty in quality, dotted with peaks and dissected by valleys. Its immediate configuration is likely, at this stage, to result quite sensitively from the influence of relatively few dominant personalities. But it could change rapidly, and with equal sensitivity.

The importance of Soviet philosophy and Soviet help, through example and instruction and material aid, in the shaping of Chinese science is one of the most conspicuous features of the whole pattern. Not only have Soviet engineers and scientists been welcomed in numbers into China until very recently, not only have numerous Chinese scientists and engineers been trained in Moscow, but many collaborative scientific enterprises were initiated between the two nations, some of them of striking character. One of the most interesting involved the Russian collaborative scientific center at Dubna, originally conceived at the Lebedev Physics Institute.

THIS center, located about one hundred miles north of Moscow on the Volga River, was set up originally in 1946, and ten years later was constituted a joint institute for research in nuclear physics, comparable in function to CERN, for the primary use of Soviet scientists and representatives of twelve other Socialist countries. One of its major efforts, evidently a response to developments in nuclear accelerators which the Russians were closely watching in the West, was the construction of a 10 bev proton synchrotron, planned at the time as the highest energy atom-smasher in the world and designed to give the Russians a commanding lead in the field. This instrument, however, turned out to be of seriously faulty design.

Chinese nuclear physicists were invited in numbers to Dubna and worked there so effectively that at the peak of collaboration in 1961 about a third of the scientific papers from the center bore the names of Chinese authors. At one point, moreover, China contributed about a fifth of the operating expenses of Dubna—three times that of any nation of the Soviet bloc itself. Again, in 1957 a major agreement was signed providing for Chinese cooperation with the Soviet Union on a variety of research projects over the five-year period from 1958 to 1962, including nuclear research and development. Moreover, the Russians provided the Chinese with a 10 megawatt research reactor at the Institute of Atomic Energy in Peking.

In view of this close association of Chinese scientific development with that of the Soviet at the levels of philosophy, training, material aid, and collaborative undertakings, it becomes of great interest to speculate what may be the immediate and the long-range effects of the current Sino-Soviet rift. The assistance agreement was abruptly canceled after only two years, and there seems little doubt that


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China's nuclear program was considerably crippled by this move, for she is already behind the schedule widely estimated in the West for her first detonation of a nuclear weapon. Resentment on this score, indeed, may be an important underlying element in the current feud. In this bewildering area of speculation the significant elements are so complex and the swift-changing panorama of facts so elusive and inaccessible that great care must be exercised in reaching conclusions at present. Especially should we be cautious about estimating the effects of this split on the rate of development of Chinese science and technology, particularly in the nuclear field.

In this connection two further points seem of some interest, merely as possible "tips of an iceberg" projecting through a sea of appalling ignorance. One is that although the Soviet Union undoubtedly made a generous contribution to Chinese nuclear development in furnishing a nuclear reactor to Peking which is capable of producing plutonium for atomic bombs, it appears, even at the outset, to have been one shrewdly measured in terms of weaponry. It was designed to utilize uranium fuel enriched to only two per cent, in contrast with some similar reactors furnished to nations of the Soviet bloc, which may utilize uranium enriched up to ten per cent. Furthermore, in the typical pattern of so much of Soviet foreign aid, this contribution seems to have involved "entwinement" with a Chinese dependence on supplies of fuel from the Soviet—supplies which are presumably cut off at present.

NOW it is hardly likely that these features went unnoticed by capable Chinese scientists at the time that the installation was made. It is hard to imagine that the gift was not received in much the same spirit of sophisticated calculation in which it was apparently made, with the Chinese looking on it merely as a valuable way-stage in the development of their own independent nuclear technology. In fact, they are thought at present to have at least four nuclear reactors.

The second point, carrying a like implication for that growing independence of Chinese science toward which the nation appears to be striving diligently and effectively, is that Russian scientists seemed conspicuous by their absence in Peking at the time of the visit of the British Royal Society delegation in 1962, and no project leaders were interviewed who had been trained in the U.S.S.R. The impression left with the delegation was that, while the Chinese were both free and generous in acknowledging their debt to the Soviet Union, they regarded such assistance distinctly in the light of an initial send-off, and were bending all their energies toward achieving technical and scientific independence.

This impression was further heightened when, on September 25, 1963, China announced the establishment of a World Federation of Scientific Workers, dedicated to "the advancement of science in Asian, African, and Latin American countries." Among more than a thousand Chinese and foreign scientists reported to be in Peking for the occasion there were apparently none from the Soviet Union, and no reference was made to Sino-Soviet collaboration.

Dramatic as it seems today, it is entirely possible that the Sino-Soviet rift, even if it should prove as lengthy and as deep as present circumstances suggest, will have little permanent effect on either the rate of progress or the orientation of Chinese science and technology. Though both may suffer a considerable immediate setback, they are likely to emerge, ultimately, as yet more powerful elements in a nation scientifically, as politically, an astute student of Russian methods and patterns, but operationally independent of them.

THE deeper question, of course, lies much farther in the future. Communist China is a nation which in the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries absorbed far less of the Western scientific tradition than did Imperial Russia. Even during the first half of the twentieth century its introduction lay principally with, and indeed was largely limited to, a scientific elite, brilliantly modern in outlook but in numbers only a minuscule drop in an overwhelming sea. Yet when Communism came, it was the members of that elite who formed the core for a reorganized Chinese science. Now they were asked to serve a science pragmatic in philosophy, officially dedicated to the furtherance of the power of the state, and administered by men who had absolutely no knowledge of or exposure to the Newtonian tradition.

Here is an ambivalence of viewpoint in which the extremes are far more widely separated than in the U.S.S.R., and probably of even greater intensity in the bitterness of their contrasts. If we speak of the Pasternaks of Russian science, we must also keep in mind the underlying explosiveness of conflicting philosophies which came briefly to the surface in the Chinese period of the Hundred Flowers.

The present rapid growth of Chinese technology and science may represent the beginning of a period in technical and scientific evolution which for Russia is nearly drawing to a close. It will surely be some time before China reaches the point where the greater part of her development must rest on a pioneering fringe of knowledge which she, in common with the rest of the world, must originate independently. There is still an enormous amount to be borrowed profitably, and while this remains true we may expect rapid and spectacular gains to continue even under totalitarian regimentation.

But what will happen afterward? Can an original science continue to flower in that atmosphere? Or will the atmosphere itself be imperceptibly altered, in response to a growing recognition of the underlying requirements of a free science—a knowledge clearly held at present by a proportion at least of those senior scientists who are probably still important in the effort—or possibly in response to demonstrated failures under the existing conditions? Where will the ambivalences lead? On which side will they ultimately come down? These are fascinating and immensely important questions.

Neither the jungle (right) nor the forest (center) should obscure the tree (left) of Communist Chinese growth.

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# While They Waited

*Continued from page* 19

the union president, Harry Fatt, who also doubles as a villain, and the gunman is Mr. Bones. The committeemen "seated in interesting different attitudes" are the company of minstrels, each of whom will rise in turn to do his act. But Odets has introduced a brilliant variation into his minstrel show by preparing to draw the spectators into the action and by giving them parts to play. They must imagine themselves to be taxi drivers assembled in their union hall to hear arguments from both sides and finally vote on the question "Shall we strike?"

Fatt has been speaking against a strike. He tells the hackmen that they should trust their friend in the White House, who has been working day and night. "For who?" says a voice from the audience. Other voices cry, "We want Lefty! Where's Lefty?" Fatt pounds with his gavel and says, "That's what I wanna know. . . . You elected him chairman—where the hell did he disappear?" One of the committeemen, Joe Mitchell, rises and steps forward to defend the absent leader, who "didn't take no run-out powder," he says. "That Wop's got more guts than a slaughter house." Then the lights go out, except for a white spotlight that plays on Mitchell and his wife, Edna, as they act out their story.

Mitchell has been unable to support his family on what he earns by driving a cab. He comes home to find that most of his furniture, bought on the instalment plan, has been taken away and that his two children have gone to bed hungry. Edna tells him that she will sleep with another man, for money, unless the union goes on strike. "We gotta go out," Mitchell calls to the audience as the lights come on again. Next a very young committeemen, Sid Stein, tells his story in the same fashion. He and Florrie are desperately in love, but they can't get married on the money a hackman takes home. He talks about his brother, a college graduate who has enlisted in the Navy. "They'll teach him to point the guns the wrong way," he shouts – that is, point them at other workers instead of shooting the capitalists at home. A moment later Sid kneels in despair and sobs with his head in Florrie's lap. Blackout.

A third episode is played with the house fully lighted. Tom Clayton, an older man from Philadelphia, tells how a taxicab strike was broken there and the strikers put on a blacklist. "The time ain't ripe," he says. A voice from the audience—that of his own brother—exposes Clayton as a labor spy, and he escapes down the center aisle. Two more episodes follow, both preaching the message of anger and revolt. Then, as the lights come on after a last blackout, we hear the end of a speech by another committeeman, Agate Keller, who is proud of being a Red. Fatt and the gunman try to throw him out of the hall, but he breaks away, and his fellow workers protect him. With his shirt torn to rags, Agate faces the audience again and cries, giving the clenched-fist salute, "Don't wait for Lefty! He might never come. Every minute—"

A man runs down the center aisle and jumps on the stage. "Boys," he says, "they just found Lefty."

A confusion of voices from the audience: "What? What? Shhh. . . ."

> MAN. They found Lefty. . . .
> AGATE. Where?
> MAN. Behind the car barns with a bullet in his head!
> AGATE (*crying*). Hear it, boys, hear it? Hell, listen to me! Coast to coast! HELLO AMERICA! HELLO. WE'RE STORMBIRDS OF THE WORKING-CLASS. WORKERS OF THE WORLD. . . . OUR BONES AND BLOOD! And when we die they'll know what we did to make a new world! Christ, cut us up to little pieces. We'll die for what is right, put fruit trees where our ashes are! *(To audience.)* Well, what's the answer?
> ALL. STRIKE!
> AGATE. LOUDER!
> ALL. STRIKE!
> AGATE and OTHERS on Stage. AGAIN!
> ALL. STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE!!!

*Waiting for Lefty* won the prize for which it competed, and it was produced on January 5, 1935, at a Sunday benefit performance for the *New Theatre Magazine*. Harold Clurman, who was there, reports in his memoirs, *The Fervent Years*, that "a kind of joyous fervor seemed to sweep the audience toward the stage. The actors no longer performed; they were being carried along as if by an exultancy of communication such as I had never witnessed in the theatre before. . . . When the audience at the end of the play responded to the militant question from the stage: 'Well, what's the answer?' with a spontaneous roar of 'Strike! Strike!' it was something more than a tribute to the play's effectiveness, more even than a testimony of the audience's hunger for constructive social action. It was the birth cry of the thirties."

The cry, whatever its nature, resounded in all parts of the country. Very soon *Lefty* was being produced on other stages, and in union halls, and even on Broadway, where it ran for months. To make a full evening it had to be combined with another play by Odets, *Till the Day I Die*, which he wrote in one night after reading a news report from Germany in the *New Masses*, and which he should have had the good sense not to print in his collected works. But it was fairly effective on the stage, and at one time the combined bill was being played simultaneously in thirty-two American cities. Then *Lefty* went to England, where it roused the same mixture of anger and boundless hope. At one performance even H. G. Wells was heard to cry in a squeaky voice, "Strike! Strike!"

But I cannot agree with Clurman's notion that *Lefty* was the birth cry of a new era. Notwithstanding its immense popularity, it was not followed by many other effective plays for the workers' theater, and there would be none that united actors and audience in that same exultancy of communication. The mood of the left-wing writers had begun to change. Already their dream of uniting with the workers to fight for a new society on American soil was giving way to fears of a new world war that Hitler might win. The Russians, who had the same fears, were trying to win allies in the West. They let it be understood that their American followers should become more respectable and should direct more of their propaganda toward the middle classes. After 1935 one heard less and less about proletarian literature, a term that embodied the notion of class warfare. The new slogan for left-wing writers was the broader and less pugnacious one of socialist realism.

Looking back after thirty years, one suspects that *Lefty* for all its faults comes as close to being a classic as anything that emerged from the proletarian school. It is still easy to read and even to admire in a dispassionate way, but not with enthusiasm. Like the proletarian novels and poems, it belongs to what one feels was a more innocent time. To recapture the effect of its first performance, either one would have to rewrite *Lefty* in terms of a new age or else one would have to reconstitute the audience that remembered five years of depression, the banks closing, the landlord at the door, and that shouted "Strike!" with a sense of release—then again, louder, "Strike! Strike!"—as it raised a thousand clenched fists.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 9, 7, 20, 16, 1, 12, 5, 15, 19, 17, 2, 18, 4, 8, 14, 6, 11, 13, 10.



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# Sicily

*Continued from page 33*

One of the major merits of Mr. Lewis's book is that it sets the Mafia against the background of a feudal order steeped in centuries of foreign misrule, religious stagnation, and economic archaism. Sicily is not alone in this situation, which has its counterpart in other lands. But what to the author is unique about Sicily is the defense of social atrophy by a silent, disciplined, ruthless army of malefactors, drawn from every level of society. This army has recently been reinforced by a contingent of deported American gangsters of Sicilian origin, who have brought with them new techniques of intimidation.

It is this shift in the Mafia's pattern of terror that gives Mr. Lewis's description of the present situation its poignancy. Yet for most readers the chief interest will lie in the outbreak of violence between the "old" Mafia, which clings to its Robin Hood image, and the "new" Mafia, which is devoid of illusion and sentimentality. In Palermo, where, as the author observes, the ideological issue was less important than the struggle for power among several Mafia families, the gang killings became so frequent that the city's homicide rate rose to the highest in the world. In every instance of murder the witnesses refused to testify for fear of flouting the Mafia's notorious "death to those who tell" code. It is a grim, sordid story that adds to a damning commentary on the Mafia's omnipotence.

*Waste* and *The Honored Society* complement each other in many ways; what they speak of is never pleasant, but all of us would do well to listen to their message of anguish.

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*More people are flattered into virtue than bullied out of vice.*

—SURTEES.


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*(Continued on page 64)*



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## PERSONALS

(Continued from page 63)

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**PISGAH INN** on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

**WHITNEYS'** . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

**"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL"** on an island in Maine. $75 weekly, $12 daily. For brochure write Mrs. A. *Tardy, Box 774, Montrose,* N.Y.

**RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL.** Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

**BRANDON INN.** Charm of yesteryear, convenience of the modern. Restful. On village green near library. 2-acre garden lawn. Elevator, sprinkler. Exceptional food. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

**LIGHTHOUSE INN.** New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea, jewel box 52 room inn. Art gallery lounge, private beach, E.P. Brochure 1A.

**BLUEBERRY HILL!** *June days! Nothing whatever to* do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

**PINKHAM NOTCH INN**—A secluded Alpine Inn of rare charm at the foot of Mt. Washington in the White *Mountain National Forest. Enjoy your leisure, superb* mountain climbing, swimming and outdoor sports in an idyllic setting. $10-$16 American Plan. R. P. Whipple, Mgr., Jackson 3, New Hampshire.

**GREEN SHADOWS INN**—*Old Lyme, Connecticut.* Comfortable country living.

**SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH,** one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges *and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal* atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

**GOOD FOOD, GOOD COMPANY,** plus Par 3 golf course, *sandy beach, water skiing, square dancing,* cookouts, children's activities, all on premises. $12-$15 daily. Folder. Woodbound Inn and Lake Cottages, Box 32, Jaffrey, N.H.

**MEMORABLE MEALS** and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont. 244-8459.

**"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"**—*Unspoiled mountain country* 2¼ hours from NYC. Private lake. Boating, fishing. Trout stream. Pool. Entertainment, dancing. Jewish Cuisine. Cooks Falls Lodge, Cooks Falls, N.Y. CHelsea 4-0467.

**LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE,** concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, *pools, tennis, children's program. May-September.* Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

**NANTUCKET,** fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Ex-*cellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet.* Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

**VACATION WITH A PURPOSE!** American Friends Service Committee Institute on nonviolent approaches to today's conflicts. Elizabethtown, in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, July 11th-18th. Programs for all ages; international resource staff. Write AFSC, Middle Atlantic *Region, 1500 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania* 19102.

**THE ARTS COME TO LIFE** summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from, Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

*(Continued on page 66)*



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## VACATIONS

*(Continued from page 65)*

**VACATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND?** Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

**WINDHAM HILL FARM,** West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

**RED INN,** Provincetown, Massachusetts. Quiet rooms and breakfasts on the sea.

**S'DRAIATO** nelle piu' alte colline di Montauk. Gurney's Inn, con la sua maestosa vista sul magnificente Atlantico, invitante a un contemplativo umore dove le preoccupazioni scompaiono nel mormorio delle onde. Le nostre villette sul lungomare e l'albergo riserva un panorama di rullante superfice azzurra e morbida sabbia accarezzata dal sole. Conceditì il piacere di cullarti nel Brink o' the Beach. For color brochure write Gurney's Inn, Dept. ISR, Montauk, L. I. 516-MO 8-2345.

**EASY.** One of our lady guests says a weekend with us is "just like heaven." "And," she adds, "a lot easier to get in." Reservations, anyone? Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N. J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

**FAMILY VACATIONS!** Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Informal resort (bungalows: fireplace, bath). Also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water Sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and Dartmouth Summer Theater near. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Booklet. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 802-333-4478.

**EXCEPTIONAL FOOD. LODGING.** Halfway between Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Bossidy House, Route 20, Lee, Massachusetts.

**HIDEAWAY** for delightful, talented, creative guests. Folk dancing, off-Broadway entertainment, day camp, arts and crafts. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone Kerhonkson 7373.

**CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED**—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

**VACATION BY THE SEA.** Scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach, excellent meals. Modified American and European plans. All summer sports. Near shops, art colony, summer theatre. AAA. Folder. The Ontio, Ogunquit 7, Maine.

**LA ORILLA,** Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

**GOOSE COVE LODGE** on Deer Isle Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine. Open through October.

**WINDY HILL,** R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

**PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE** off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

**SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE.** Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Elevation 2,900'. Small, secluded, informal — entirely modern. No cottages. Mid-May-November. American Plan $10.00-$12.50 per person double. Folder. Telephone 704-479-3433.

**SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET?** Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

**WATERVILLE INN**—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

**MOUNTAIN VACATION.** Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower fall rates.

**THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS,** Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Dining room, cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable rates without meals. May 30th to October 15th. Color brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

**LIKE THE COUNTRY?** Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

**MOOSEHEAD LAKE.** One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

## VACATIONS

**SCHROON LAKE, N.Y.** SILBERT HOTEL—heart of Adirondacks. Private beach, all sports, excellent cuisine, modern accommodations. Near Adirondack Music Festival, summer stock. From $67.50 each, double occupancy.

**CHASE'S**—on Torsey Lake, Readfield, Maine. Relaxation without dullness. Good food. Comfortable cottages scattered along shore. Recreational lodge, lake and shore activities.

**WRITERS, ARTISTS**—Monadnock Region informal vacation, conducive to work. Room, breakfasts, basket lunches, $55. THE CORNER STUDIO, 95 Cross Street, Keene, New Hampshire. Brochure.

**COLONIAL CHARM** midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

**ROCKY POINT**—Salem, Massachusetts. Delightful spot on bay with unsurpassed ocean view. One mile from this historic city. Gracious hospitality. Few guests. Also double large oceanfront room, private porch, suitable for studio. Elinor F. Crandell, 140 Bay View Avenue.

**VACATION PLUS**—World Fellowship Center, Conway, New Hampshire, Incorporated. Not for profit. For people of all countries, races, faiths. Board, room and programs. $6.00 to $9.00 daily. Family rates. Write Dr. Willard Uphaus, World Fellowship, Conway, New Hampshire, or phone 447-2280.

**HORACE SUTTON** complimented our 2, 3 and 4 bedroom villas; studio and 2 bedroom apartments; pool. Daily, weekly, monthly. $5 P.P.D.O. or less. Corniche, P.O. Box 91, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W. I. NYC Office, MUrray Hill 4-6823.

**ISLAND VACATION:** Old World charm and new world luxury at a gracious, new oceanfront hostelry on a subtropical isle. From coastal Carolina gourmet cuisine to golf on the country's finest courses. 400 years of history to explore. Riding, fishing, tennis, all resort activities. Write Box S or call 803-785-3372. The Adventure Inn, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.

**HERITAGE HILL,** Holland R.F.D., Southbridge, Massachusetts. Discover the quiet charm of our hidden-in-the-hills little Inn. Brochure.

**MANSFIELD FARM.** Londonderry, Vermont. Quiet vacation. Panoramic Green Mountain view from 18th century house surrounded by flower gardens. 1,600 feet elevation. Excellent food. Extensive library. Near swimming, golf. Rates $60-$65 weekly. Telephone 802-VA 4-5207. Ruth Mansfield Schriftgiesser.

**LIKE A CRUISE** on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA, Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

**NATURE LOVERS. CREATIVE PEOPLE.** Find peace, quiet, beautiful hill country, charming old-world home. No TV, individualized cooking. Near lovely, historic Cooperstown. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y. 1-607-397-6218.

**STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER** invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

**HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN,** directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

**COMPLETE RELAXATION,** good food, beautiful lake, golf near. Edgefield, Casco, Maine.

**ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL** . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern motel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

**BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT.** Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

**THE IMPROBABLE INN** for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

**KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT.** Beautiful vacationland 2150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, friendly, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. New luxury rooms. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch, your Hosts.

## SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

**EXCITING!!! EUROPE—$195.** That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Venice, Salzburg or Ecole Pratique in Paris. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, etc. sightseeing, many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Europe. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

**GERMANY,** stimulating summer course. 8 weeks, July 6th to August 29th, for beginners in German. College credit. $400. Live in 16th century castle near Heidelberg. Write Schiller College, U.S. Office, 425 Laurel, Highland Park, Illinois.

## TRAVEL

**HENRY HUDSON HOTEL.** 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to New York World's Fair, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

**CRUISE COOL NEW ENGLAND** with us aboard beautiful Cape Cod Schooner Olad II. Two to six guests. Excellent meals. From Essex, Connecticut. Brochure. Captain Arthur Kimberly, Box 22297, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

**SOUTH SEAS TRAVEL**—Study Cruises. Two Matson luxury cruises, each featuring a different 6 week university course for credit or audit: Government of the South Pacific on August 6th and Literature of the South Pacific on September 20th. Program sponsored by the University of Hawaii and conducted by its professors. Sailings from San Francisco; following day from Los Angeles. Ports of call are Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga, New Zealand. Australia, Noumea, Fiji, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago, Hawaii. Write: Matson, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, for complete information.

**GLOBAL CIRCLE TOURS.** Around the World in 48 or 60 Days. Completely escorted, frequent departures. Dittmann Travel Organization, Northfield, Minnesota.

**BARCELONA OR BELGRADE,** Paris or Parma, London or Lucerne—wherever you go you'll know where to eat well, live well and shop well when you carry Olson's Hotel, Restaurant and Shopping Guide to Europe, 1964 Edition. $3.95 at all bookstores. Lippincott.

**CRUISE CARIBBEAN JUNGLE RIVERS.** visit friendly Bushnegro, Amerindian stone-age villages; hunt; fish; tour quaint capital; stay modern hotels, guest houses. Write Surinam, Dept. SR-2, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

**MEXICO-U-PLAN-IT.** A unique folder for the independent traveler. Hotel pictures, descriptions, rates and location maps. Sightseeing details. Restaurant and night-life information. Contact Gramercy Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

**"MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY" CRUISES** offer the trip of a lifetime at amazingly low cost! Elegant Italian Line steamers—Colombo, Saturnia, Vulcania—feature unexcelled cuisine and service, thrilling ports of call, plus glamorous stay ashore in Italy. 23 to 43 days, from $595 each for room with bath. Monthly departures. For brochure, Columbia Tours, Inc., 590 Fifth Avenue, NYC 36, COlumbus 5-2600.

**CRUISE THE MAINE COAST.** Sail aboard the schooner "Stephen Taber." $125 weekly, special rates for June and September. For illustrated folder write Captain Jim Sharp, Box 561, Camden, Maine.

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**NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD,** 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

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**VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL**—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.



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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1574

Reg U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

## DEFINITIONS

A. Special gagman on whom many current comedians rely for humorous stories, situations, etc.

B. How Pinckney's "a damned penny" is translated on his cenotaph in Charleston (2 wds.; in a speech when he was U.S. Minister to France, 1800).

C. One of seven accredited contemporaneous rulers.

D. Lacking a note as to a point of time (2 wds. said of documents, coins, etc.)

E. Turned or separated the pages of a bound volume.

F. The real being of scholastic philosophy.

G. Ethiopian queen mentioned in *Acts*.

H. Mathematical quantity which increases an augend.

I. Great family name of the Dukes of Bedford.

J. Army slang for a soldier of World War I who also fought in World War II, or a W. W. II soldier who returned for the Korean War *(Dict. of Amer. Slang)*.

K. One thing the watcher over you and me must keep (3 wds.).

L. Expression of intent to inflict evil or injury upon another.

## WORDS

159 133 137 23 84 151 65 43 171

128 179 46 90 139 72 123

25 59 140 81 103 191 101 124

67 75 169 122 125 8 106 177

135 100 167 76 107 115

15 56 1 146 126 70

19 71 183 97 142 37 138

188 184 73 172 143 104

16 63 127 189 192 48 99

58 32 40 145 165 85 10

36 170 54 66 74 113 105

44 14 13 154 83 190

## DEFINITIONS

M. Obviate, preclude, forestall (2 wds.).

N. Clearly visible.

O. Funereal; unnaturally low and grave (of a sound).

P. Passed into (the interior of something) by force as well as by sharpness.

Q. What crabbed age can't live with, acc'g to Shakespeare.

R. Parish where the ancestral estates of WORD I are in England.

S. That three-headed Greek goddess.

T. Antonym of *anonymous*.

U. Classical shape of the human upper lip (2 wds.)

V. Shaped like a shield.

W. Specifying the thylacine as a sort of "wolf".

X. Famous humorous he-and-she former radio program whose male member is still one of the finest writers for TV (2 wds.).

Y. "Where the churchbell rings" in the song of the Water Babies (Chas. Kingsley; 2 wds.).

Z. Famous name in English naval history, half of which offers a threat on land.

## WORDS

164 132 182 110 160 93 11

3 60 42 35 26 114 31

79 18 131 96 157 141 102 69 98 87

153 38 162 152 186 117 34 163 147 173

27 12 49 64 91

28 112 50 89 168 121

2 109 53 29 119 181

150 30 155 129 95 24 61 21 148

47 77 156 161 33 118 17 7 187

92 78 166 52 57 120 111 158

108 20 94 149 192 134 185 175 45

130 144 174 4 55 180 116 88

80 6 176 136 5 82 68 41 86

51 9 62 22 178 39

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 F | 2 S | 3 N | 4 X | 5 Y | | 6 Y | 7 U | 8 D | 9 Z | 10 J | | 11 M | 12 Q | 13 L | | 14 L |
| 15 F | 16 I | | 17 U | 18 O | 19 G | 20 W | 21 T | 22 Z | 23 A | | 24 T | 25 C | 26 N | 27 Q | | 28 R |
| 29 S | 30 T | 31 N | 32 J | 33 U | | 34 P | | 35 N | 36 K | 37 G | 38 P | 39 Z | 40 J | | 41 Y | 42 N |
| 43 A | 44 L | 45 W | 46 B | | 47 U | 48 I | 49 Q | 50 R | | 51 Z | 52 V | 53 S | 54 K | | 55 X | 56 F |
| 57 V | | 58 J | 59 C | 60 N | 61 T | 62 Z | 63 I | 64 Q | 65 A | 66 K | 67 D | 68 Y | 69 O | 70 F | | 71 G |
| 72 B | 73 H | | 74 K | 75 D | | 76 E | 77 U | 78 V | 79 O | | 80 Y | 81 C | | 82 Y | 83 L | 84 A |
| | 85 J | 86 Y | 87 O | | 88 X | 89 R | 90 B | 91 Q | | 92 V | | 93 M | 94 W | 95 T | 96 O | 97 G |
| | 98 O | 99 I | 100 E | 101 C | | 102 O | 103 C | 104 H | | 105 K | 106 D | 107 E | 108 W | 109 S | 110 M | |
| 111 V | 112 R | | 113 K | 114 N | 115 E | 116 X | 117 P | 118 U | 119 S | 120 V | 121 R | 122 D | | 123 B | 124 C | 125 D |
| 126 F | | 127 I | 128 B | 129 T | 130 X | | 131 O | 132 M | 133 A | 134 W | 135 E | 136 Y | | 137 A | 138 G | 139 B |
| 140 C | | 141 O | 142 G | 143 H | 144 X | 145 J | 146 F | 147 P | 148 T | | 149 W | 150 T | 151 A | 152 P | | 153 P |
| 154 L | 155 T | 156 U | 157 O | 158 V | | 159 A | 160 M | 161 U | 162 P | | 163 P | 164 M | 165 J | | 166 V | 167 E |
| 168 R | 169 D | 170 K | | 171 A | 172 H | 173 P | | 174 X | 175 W | 176 Y | 177 D | | 178 Z | 179 B | 180 X | 181 S |
| | 182 M | 183 G | 184 H | | 185 W | 186 P | | 187 U | 188 H | 189 I | | 190 L | 191 C | 192 W | 193 I | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.



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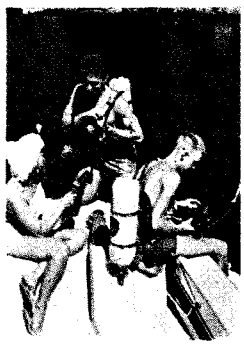

*Skin diving session at a Canadian lake resort.*

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